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Travels and Travels.

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TRAVELS IN PALESTINE. BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

THE next objects of Mr. Buckingham's research were the cisterns of Solomon, and Ain Kareem, the birth-place of John the Baptist. From this latter place he proceeded to Jerusalem, where, having arrived five minutes after sunset, he was compelled to wait before the gates of the city, until a formal application had been made to the governor to admit him. The first morning after his arrival, he visited the Latin Convent, the house of Uriah, the pool of Bathsheba, and the palace of David; in the street beyond which was shown the place said to be that at which Christ appeared to Mary Magdalen and the other Mary, after his resurrection, when he cried to them "All hail!" and they held him by the feet and worshipped him.

On January 26th, 1816, Mr. Buckingham, accompanied by Mr. Bankes, investigated the tomb of Christ.

"Our stay in the sepulchre itself," says he, "was very short: the smallness of the aperture of entrance; the confined space within, hung round with crimson damask, and ornamented with silver lamps and paintings; the hurry and bustle occasioned by the worshippers searching for their shoes left at the door, as every one went in barefoot; the struggles to be the first to get near enough to kiss the marble,

and sometimes the forcibly pulling off the turbans of those who might have forgotten to uncover their heads, presented altogether a scene of such confusion, that, added to the risk of suffocation in so impure an atmosphere, it drove us out rapidly to make room for others."

The next day being the Sabbath of the Jews, the travellers went early in the morning to attend the service of the Jewish Synagogue.

"Arriving at the spot, which was in a low, obscure street, near the centre of the town, we descended by a flight of steps into a grotto. On getting down into this, we found it to be a large suite of subterranean rooms, lighted by small windows from above, around the sides, and near the roof.

"The whole place was divided into seven or eight smaller rooms, in the centre of each was raised a square enclosure, open above at the sides; and here stood the priest who read the service. The female worshippers were above, looking down on the congregation through a skreen of lattice-work. The men were below, all seated on benches, and every one had a white serge cloth, striped with blue at the ends, thrown over his head; at the front corners of this cloth were two long cords, and around two of the edges of it were fringes with threads.

Zaccheus, and an old tree, up which he is said to have climbed, in order to obtain a sight of Jesus as he passed.

The next day the travellers passed the Jordan.

"The stream (says Mr. B.) appeared to us to be little more than twenty-five yards in breadth, and was so shallow in this part as to be easily fordable by our horses. The banks were thickly lined with tall rushes, oleanders, and a few willows; the stream was exceedingly rapid; the water tolerably clear, from its flowing over a bed of pebbles; and, as we drank of the stream while our horses were watering, we found it pure and sweet to the taste.

"From the distance which we had come from Jericho northward, it seemed probable that we had crossed the river pretty nearly at the same ford as that which was passed over by the Israelites on their first entering the promised land.

"Ascending on the east side of the Jordan, we met large flocks of camels, mostly of a whitish colour, and all of them young and never yet burthened, as our guides assured us, though the whole number of those we saw could not have fallen short of a thousand. These were being driven down to the Jordan to drink, chiefly under the care of young men and damsels. Among them many of the young ones were clothed around their bodies with coverings of hair teat-cloth, while the elder females had their udders bound up in bags, tied by cords crossing over the loins; and the males walked with two of the legs tied."

After travelling onward in a northeasterly direction, and passing the night in the camp of a tribe of friendly Bedouins, they arrived at the village of Boorza, which appeared to contain from forty to fifty dwellings of stone. This place is supposed to have been the Bozer mentioned in the Sacred Writings. On their journey from hence, they were joined by a troop of Bedouins, in whose camp they spent the night. Early the next morning they proceeded through a rich and beautiful country, to the ruins of Gerash, (the Geraza of the ancients,) of which Mr. Buckingham has given a

very full and copious account. Their situation during their sojourn here was particularly dangerous, owing to the jealous suspicion of the scattered inhabitants, who seem to have been impressed with an idea that the treasures supposed to have been buried beneath the ruins of Jerash were the objects of the travellers' researches. The following description of this city, viewed from a steep hill in the vicinity, is given by Mr. Buckingham:—

"The city, standing itself upon a rising ground, seemed, from this point of view, to be seated in the hollow of a grand and deep valley, encircled on all sides by lofty mountains, now covered with verdure, and having part of its own plain below in actual cultivation. Near, on the summit of the southern hill which bounded the view in that quarter, stood the modern village of Aioode, having a central tower and walls, and forming the retreat of the husbandmen, who till the grounds in the valley beneath. The circular colonnade, the avenues of Corinthian pillars forming the principal street, the southern gate of entrance, the naumachia, and the triumphal arch beyond it, the theatres, the temples, the aqueducts, the baths, and all the assemblage of noble buildings which presented their vestiges to the view, seemed to indicate a city built only for luxury, for splendour, and for pleasure; although it was a mere colonial town in a foreign province, distant from the capital of the great empire to which it belonged, and scarcely known in sacred or profane history. Wishing to take a more accurate survey of the ancient Geraza than they had hitherto been enabled to accomplish, the two travellers returned privately to that city for the purpose, thus avoiding the interruptions to which they would have been liable from the suspicious character of the neighbouring people.

"The city occupied nearly a square of somewhat less than two English miles in circumference, and the greatest length, from the ruined arched building on the south of the first entrance to the small temple on the north side of the opposite one, is about 5000 feet, as measured by paces, or nearly

an English mile. The general direction of this square is, with its sides, nearly towards the four cardinal points; but no one of these sides are perfect, probably from the inequality of the ground along which they run.

"The city stood on the facing slopes of two opposite hills, with a narrow but not deep valley between them, through which ran a clear stream of water springing from fountains near the centre of the town.

"The eastern hill, though rather more extensive in its surface than the western one, rises with a steeper slope, and is consequently not so well fitted for building on. We found it covered with shapeless heaps of rubbish, evidently the wreck of houses; but as neither columns nor other vestiges of ornamental buildings were to be seen among these, we concluded that this portion of the city was chiefly inhabited by the lower orders of the people.

"The whole surface of the western is covered with temples, theatres, colonnades, and ornamental architecture, and was, no doubt, occupied by the more dignified and noble of the citizens. The general plan of the whole was evidently the work of one founder, and must have been sketched out before the Roman city, as we now see it in ruins, began to be built.

"The main street is intersected by two other streets which cross it at right-angles and extend through the whole breadth of the western portion of the city, the point of intersection in each being ornamented with a public square. From each of these intersections to their respectively nearest gate, the order of architecture that prevailed was Ionic; but in the central place between these intersections, and including a length equal to half that of the whole city, the predominant order was Corinthian.

"In the centre, or nearly so, of the central space, was a noble palace, probably the residence of the governor, with a beautiful Corinthian temple in front, and another more ruined one behind in right-lines with it, and the semi-circular recess of a still more highly-finished temple beside it.

"Just within the southern gate of entrance was a peripteral temple, a circular colonnade, and a theatre; and just within the northern gate of entrance was also a theatre, a temple, and a military guard-house. Both the principal streets extending the whole length of the city, and those which crossed it through its whole breadth, were lined by avenues of columns, extending, in one unbroken range on each side, and ascended to by steps."

(European Magazine.)

THE DEVILS OF LOUDUN.

IN the beginning of the sixteenth century, a bloody tragedy was played in the small town of Loudun, in France, to contemplate which at this day, makes men blush to be of the same species with the actors in it.

Urbain Grandier was the curate of St. Pierre du Marche in this town; he had been educated at the College of Jesuits at Bourdeaux, and their influence had procured him this benefice. He was so unfortunate as to draw upon himself the envy of several of the Churchmen of the neighbourhood, and the ill will of some of the principal persons of the town. His talents and good fortune were the cause of the first,

and the second was produced by his devotion to the fair sex, and a notorious turn for gallantry; habits it must be confessed neither honourable to, nor consistent with the sacerdotal character, but which would have been more justly punished by milder inflictions, than the cruel tortures by which he was deprived of existence.

He was of a tall and handsome person, which, with a vanity from which even priests are not usually exempt, he was fond of displaying to the best advantage; for this purpose he always wore his clerical habit in the street. He possessed a strong mind, and an acute genius, his eloquence was of a

very finished description ; to this he was indebted for his good fortune in the church, and the reputation he gained in consequence among the female part of his auditory, seems to have been the origin of those exaggerated evil reports under which he fell. His temper was fiery and haughty, probably the consequence of his superior talents, and he was more prone to revenge than to forgive an injury. He had a suit with the Canons of the Church of the Holy Cross, in which he succeeded, but his triumph created him implacable enemies in several of the Chapter. At nearly the same time M. Trinquant, the King's Procureur, had reason to suspect that Grandier had bebauched his daughter, and he made a public exposure of his suspicions by examining certain persons ; the result was not calculated to remove them, although no part of his accusations against Grandier could be established. Grandier conducted himself with so little discretion on his enemy's defeat, that Trinquant, with others, confederated to ruin him, or at least to compel him to quit Loudun. The willingness with which people believe calumnious reports, added to Grandier's own deportment, induced many to take part against him ; and most of the suspicious fathers and jealous husbands of Loudun, either openly or secretly lent their assistance to the plot. An accusation was lodged against him, in which he was charged with lewdness, profaneness, and impiety ; the ostensible promoters were two wretches from the lowest order of the people. While this was pending, a person of some fortune and credit, named Duthibaut, having spoken of Grandier in very disadvantageous terms, the latter remonstrated with some severity, and Duthibaut, taking offence at it, struck him with his cane, although Grandier was at this moment in his robes, and about to enter the church where he was to officiate. Enraged at this insult, and being convinced that it would be to little purpose to prefer his complaint to the local authorities, he went to Paris to commence his process. During his absence, his enemies made such use of the opportunity it afforded them, that they procured a de-

cree from the Bishop, requiring his return, to answer the charges within three days, on pain of imprisonment. As it was impossible for him to comply, he was on his return imprisoned, and remained in confinement for two months. At the end of which time, in spite of the machinations of his enemies, they could not substantiate the principal points of their charges, but they succeeded in obtaining a sentence against him, by which he was interdicted *a divinis* in the diocese for five years, and in Loudun for ever.

Grandier appealed against this sentence, and on its being examined before the Parliament of Paris, it appeared that the depositions of some of the witnesses had been falsified, and that others had been solicited by Trinquant. The result was, that he was totally acquitted and absolved, his accusers condemned to pay all his charges, and his benefices restored him. He was now counselled to exchange his living, but resentment blinded him ; he returned to Loudun in triumph, with a laurel branch in his hand, and pursued his suit against Duthibaut with so much success, that he was sentenced to a public censure and apology, with full costs.

The rage of his foes was now increased to such a point, that they were resolved at all events to compass his ruin, and the means by which they pursued and finally accomplished their object, were as horrid and as atrocious, as their intention was nefarious. In the town of Loudun, there was a Convent of Urselines, who were so extremely poor, that they were obliged to take boarders to encrease their scanty revenue. Mignon, Grandier's first enemy, was the director of this Convent, and having invented a plot, he found these Nuns fit instruments to put it in practice. He proposed to them to feign that they were possessed by devils, and to accuse Grandier of having sent the demons into their bodies. He represented to them that by these means the importance of the Convent would be encreased, and the donations of the charitable and curious would bring plenty to their house, instead of the penury which they were cursed with at that time. The Abbess and some

of the Nuns immediately embraced the offer, and Mignon, having tutored them properly, gave out as soon as he thought they were fit to play the parts he had assigned to them, that they were possessed with demons, and that it was necessary to exorcise them. He took to his assistance one Pierre Barre, a fanatic, whose credulity rendered him as fit for the imposition, as his malice and ferocity qualified him for the final object of the mummery in which he was to be concerned. After several rehearsals, at which no persons but Barre and Mignon were present, a public exorcism was resolved on, at which two magistrates were invited to be present; the most wonderful part of the affair was stated to be, that the possessed answered in Latin to the questions proposed to them, although they had no previous knowledge of the language. On the day appointed, the magistrates repaired to the Convent, where they were shewn the Superior in one bed and Sister Laie in another. At the magistrate's approach, the Prioress was seized with violent convulsions; she uttered strange cries, and hid herself in her bed. Mignon then began his exorcism which was in Latin, and addressed to the demon.

Q. For what reason have you entered the body of this virgin?

A. On account of the animosity I bear her.

Q. By what symbol did you enter?

A. By flowers.

Q. What flowers?

A. Roses.

Q. Who sent them?

A. Urbain.

The exorcised pronounced this name with much hesitation, and as if it was done by constraint.

Q. What is his surname?

A. Grandier.

This answer was also given with great difficulty.

Q. What is his quality?

A. He is a Priest.

Q. Of what Church?

A. St. Peter's.

Q. What manner of person brought the flowers.

A. A diabolical person.

After this answer, the Superior seemed to recover herself. The magistrates then retired to the window, when Mignon approaching them, reminded them that these circumstances very closely resembled those of father Gaufrédi, who had been executed upon a similar charge. One of the magistrates wished him to ask the cause of the animosity of which the Superior had spoken; but he excused himself, by saying he was not permitted to propose questions of idle curiosity.

The mere circumstance of this affair being brought forward by Grandier's acknowledged enemies, was enough to discredit it, to say nothing of its ridiculous nature. The victim of it treated it with contempt, until finding it engrossed the attention of the inhabitants, he complained to the Bishop, but here his adversaries' influence was too strong, and the exorcisms continued. The fame of these doings spread daily, and the examinations were conducted in the presence of various civil officers and priests, as well as strangers. The people have at all times been too ready to believe what they do not understand, and Grandier did not discover his imminent peril until it was out of his power to allay the storm. The demons answered, but always to his disadvantage; sometimes they spoke false Latin, and at others the imposture was clumsily conducted, that none but persons willing to be deceived could have been gulled by such artifices. The object of Mignon and his confederates seemed to be nearly accomplished, when the sudden arrival of the Bishop of Bourdeaux put an end to the scheme. He sent his physician to examine the possessed; such a report was made to him, as induced him to forbid any further exorcisms, and Barré and Mignon found themselves entirely defeated.

It might have been supposed that so many rebuffs would at least have tired these savage assassins, if they had not worked upon their better feelings; but not so, this defeat only put them upon new and more formidable attacks against their victim.

Just about this time one Laubardemont, a creature of the Cardinal de Richelieu, came upon some of his af-

fairs to Loudun: Mignon and the rest of his party having formed an acquaintance with him, contrived to interest him in their resentments against Grandier, and his sanguinary temper induced him to promise his assistance. A satirical work had been published against the ministers a short time previously, and the Cardinal had been the chief object of the attack; the conspirators resolved to attribute this libel to the unfortunate Grandier, which would be the surest method to accomplish his ruin, for the Cardinal's vengeance once roused, nothing but the blood of his victim, they knew, would allay it. There was one circumstance which gave a sort of colour to the charge: when the Cardinal was only the Prior of Coussai, he had had some disagreement with Grandier on a point of precedence, the latter insisting that he was superior to the Prior, and neither owed nor would pay him any deference; but there is not the slightest reason to believe that he was the author of the book, or that he bore the Cardinal any ill will. The conspirators, however, made such use of this circumstance, that Laubardemont procured a commission, authorizing him to examine again into the affair of the possessed Nuns. The proceedings again commenced. The party had made so good use of their time in the interval, that they came to the combat stronger than ever; the possession was not now confined to the Superior and one of the Sisters, but there were seven devils brought into action. Unjust as the former examinations had been, they were perfectly equitable compared with these; no persons were present but those whose known animosity against Grandier would lead them to assist in any schemes for his ruin. The same mummery continued, the devils made the same accusations, to which were now added others, equally horrible and ridiculous. The depositions soon presented sufficient to induce Laubardemont to order Grandier's imprisonment; this done, a main point was gained. He was confined in a house belonging to Mignon, and occupied by a man in the employ of Trinquant, who had been an early

witness in the former ineffectual prosecution. Here he was subjected to the *surveillance* of persons who furnished the possessed Nuns with exact information of his motions and habits, by which they were enabled more accurately to identify him with their wicked fabrications. His house was ransacked, and his papers taken away, among which were the sentences in those suits where his enemies had been defeated, and he had triumphed. Nothing was found among them which could be made to prejudice him, but a manuscript treatise against the Celibacy of Priests. His mother and his brother made every attempt to shield him from the malice of his blood-thirsty pursuers; but the chicanery of Laubardemont managed to thwart them, or his influence with the Cardinal enabled him to evade their objections, by procuring an extension of his powers. The proceedings of these conspirators had been so specious, that nearly the whole of Grandier's friends had deserted him, and he had no hope of assistance but from his mother, and his brother, who was Counsellor to the Borough of Loudun. The exertions of the former, from her age and sex, were not very important, and the latter, who had gone to Paris for some purpose connected with his brother's defence, was arrested through the intrigues of Duthibaut and locked up in a prison, from which he could not procure his release until some time after his brother's death. These circumstances present a dreadful picture of the administration of justice in France at this time;—there have been periods when arbitrary power prevailed in England to an unwholesome extent, but in our worst days we never groaned under such perverse tyranny as these men exercised.

The obstacles being removed, and the infernal machinery of the plot in proper order, the agents of it proceeded to their final object. Grandier had been in prison some months; his confinement had been mild, and he had forborne from any violent expressions, trusting rather to some opportunity which might be afforded him to manifest his innocence of the absurd crime, and seeking consolation in religious offi-

ces and studies. He was now visited by surgeons, who had Laubardemont's authority to examine his body, to discover those infallible proofs of a Satanic compact, certain marks upon his body, which should be invulnerable, or rather insensible. They commenced this ceremony by blinding his eyes, and then the surgeon, having found small moles in various parts of his body, turned the blunt end of his knife to them, which the patient of course endured without wincing; but on the other parts of his body the merciless ruffian plunged his knife so deeply, as to make him cry loudly with the agony.

Grandier demanded to be confronted with the possessed, which, after much hesitation, was granted him. He began, with the permission of the Bishop of the diocese, to exorcise one of them, and he proposed to do it in Greek; but here the ingenuity of the Nun was more than a match for him; for at the first question he proposed, she answered, the devil speaking by her, "You know full well that the first condition of the compact between us is, that I am not to answer you in Greek." This was considered by the auditory as a conclusive proof against him. The Nun afterwards offered to answer his questions in any language, but before he could speak, all the others set up the most frightful howling and screaming, so that he could not be heard. He remained firm and unmoved in the midst of this cruel impiety, which was to cost him his life, protesting his innocence, and imploring the protection of God. Addressing the Bishop and Laubardemont in their respective offices, as the representatives of the Ecclesiastical and Royal power, he besought them to command the demons to break his neck, or to make some visible mark upon his forehead, which if done he would receive as a proof of his guilt; but they declined doing so. Grandier again made the most solemn protestations of his innocence, but without effect, his doom was already sealed. The Baili of Loudun, addressed a memorial to the King, complaining of Laubardemont's partiality; which only

produced a censure from the King upon himself for his interference.

The conspirators then proceeded to the consummation of their designs. They procured a commission from the King, and the proofs similar to those before adduced having been again gone through, he was declared to have been convicted of the crime of magic, in causing the possession of certain Nuns of Loudun by Devils, and condemned to make the *amende honourable* bare-headed, with a rope about his neck, and a torch in his hand, before the door of his own church, begging the pardon of God and the King;—thence he was to be conducted to the market-place, and there burnt alive, his goods confiscated, and that nothing might be wanting to his punishment, the torture was to be previously applied. This sentence was passed on the 18th of August, 1634; and no time was lost in carrying it into execution. He was immediately put to the question; the custom of performing which ceremony at Loudun was by fastening two thick pieces of wood round the victim's legs; these were fastened by cords, within wedges were inserted, and driven by mallets; the consequence being, that the sufferer's legs were most frequently broken. They put two more wedges than ordinary to Grandier; and the Capuchins who were present, thinking that the executioner might be too merciful, drove them in themselves. The wretched man fainted during the operation, but they continued their cruelty until he recovered. During his suffering torture, he gave such astonishing proofs of firmness and constancy, as could scarcely have been expected from his previous character; he never once complained or inveighed against his enemies, but continued to pray fervently, and to assert his innocence of the crimes charged against him; though he confessed himself guilty of certain sins, for which he had done penance, and he hoped obtained pardon. At four o'clock in the evening, he was carried by the executioners from the place of torture in a sort of broad ladder. He bore in his hand a

torch, and besought as he went along the prayers of the bystanders for his soul. His sentence being read to him, he was put into a sort of carriage, and carried to St. Peter's church, where Laubardemont made him alight and kneel while his sentence was again read to him; the torture had deprived him of the use of his legs, and when he attempted to kneel he fell prostrate. At this moment Father Grillard accosted him; and embracing him, he said, weeping, "Remember, Sir, that our Lord Jesus Christ ascended to God his Father through the Cross and torments. Preserve your fortitude: I bring you the benediction of your mother: we both pray for God's mercy upon you, and that he may receive you into Paradise." Grandier's soul, which the cruelties of his enemies could not shake, was softened at this kindness; he conjured Grillard to be a son to his mother, and to pray for him, assuring him that he died innocent. When he arrived at the place of execution, turning to the Priests, he begged of them the kiss of peace. The Provost's Lieutenant asked his pardon. "You have not offended me," he said; "you have done only your duty." The executioner then put an iron girdle round him, placing him with his back to the church. The place was filled with people, and the efforts of the archers to remove them were useless; a flock of pigeons were seen hovering over the place, which neither the shouts of the people nor the firing of the archers could drive away; some persons said it was a flight of devils waiting for the soul of the magician; others said, these innocent doves were a testimony of the innocence of the prisoner. The Priests exorcised the air and the faggots, and again asked the patient if he would confess. He answered, that he had nothing to confess, and that he hoped that day to be with his God.—The Grefier then asked him if he persisted in his innocence: he answered that he did, that he had said nothing but the truth, and he had no more to say. Hereupon one of the Monks told the Grefier, that he suffered him to talk too much. The Provost had promised him that he should be strangled before the fire was kindled. The ferocity of

the Monks, however, prevented both those mercies: when he was about to speak, they threw their holy water in his face; and finding he was still endeavouring to address the by-standers, one of them pretended to give him the kiss of peace. "This is the kiss of a Judas," said the dying man. This roused their choler so much, that under the shew of presenting him a crucifix which was made of iron, they struck him with it violently over the mouth. Finding his attempts were useless, he pronounced a *Salve Regina* and an *Ave Maria*, concluding with recommending his soul to the mercy of Heaven. The Monks, in order to prevent his being strangled, had with their own hands knotted the cord, so that the executioner could not draw it. Grandier seeing this, cried out. "Is this what was promised me?" and lifting up the cord, he adjusted it himself. Father Lactance then holding a lighted torch in his face, said, "Wretch, will you not confess, and renounce the devil; you have not a moment to live."—"I abhor the devil," said Grandier; "I renounce him and all his works, and I implore the mercy of God." This savage Monk then, without waiting for the orders of the officers of justice, applied his torch to the pile. "Is this charity, Father Lactance?" said Grandier, "is this the promise which was made to me? There is a God in Heaven, thy Judge and mine, and I summon thee to appear within a month!" and lifting up his eyes, he said, "*Deus meus ad te vigilo, miserere mei Deus!*" The Capuchins then threw the remainder of their holy water in his face, that the people might not hear his last words. The contrivances of the Monks had prevented the executioner from making use of the cord; and as the fire mounted, the wretched victim fell into the flames, where he was burnt alive: and thus ended the most sanguinary persecution which since the days of the martyrs has been known.

Lactance died within the time mentioned by Grandier; and Laubardemont, and all the other principal actors perished by violent or accidental means.

AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

(Imperial Magazine, Nov.)

IN the annals of literature of the lighter order, I mean novels, perhaps there never has occurred a circumstance so extraordinary as that the author of Waverley should have still remained undiscovered; or that, after such unbounded applause as his works have met with in all quarters, the writer should continue to publish anonymously, instead of avowing his name, and enjoying the fame which his works have acquired him. Many have been the conjectures respecting his individuality, but the most general, perhaps too the best founded opinion, is, that Walter Scott is the author.

Mr. Constable, the publisher, has stated in company, the sum of money he has paid Mr. Scott, which, from the amount, can only be inferred as including the price of these popular works. Still, however, a part of that money might have been paid on account of the anonymous writer, and Mr. S. might have been the receiver general.

Mr. Scott, too, when Waverley first acquired fame, was passenger in one of the Leith smacks, and expressed his opinion of these works to a person unknown to him, in such terms of approbation, as were somewhat inconsistent with the idea of his being the author of them himself. Besides which, it is very likely from his well-known liberality of sentiment, that he may, from some motive or other, have, in the first instance, become the vehicle of their publication.

A Mr. Mc. F. an episcopal bishop, in Scotland, has also been pointed at as their author with much appearance of probability, partly from the conspicuous talents he is allowed to possess, but more particularly by having been heard to relate the leading stories, long before they were given to the public.

Whoever the eminent man may prove to be, the works are of that character, as to form a prominent feature in the literature of the present age, and the author must be acknowledged a person of most extraordinary talents,

with an equal proportion both of modesty and self-denial. It is certainly of rare occurrence, that the same writer should excel, both in prose and poetical composition: many of our best poets have acquired but little fame out of the sphere of poetry; perhaps Goldsmith is the one that succeeded most, in both kinds of composition.

Dr. Johnson has written more in the spirit of poetry, in the Rambler and Rasselas, than will be found in the fettered verse of Irene; in proof of which, I will only instance the opening address in his beautiful work of Rasselas, though many other passages might be quoted more apt and striking to justify the preceding observation.

"Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia!"

Here you have a harmony in the words, and an expression so purely poetical, that verse might perhaps shackle, but could scarcely improve the sentence. But if Walter Scott be the real author of the works in question, how much then has he excelled every predecessor who has written in *both* kinds of composition; it may then, indeed, be said of him, as the great colossus of literature wrote in the epitaph of his friend Goldsmith, "that he has left no species of writing untouched, or unadorned, by his pen," for these works embrace almost every subject and mode of writing.

The author of these histories, more properly than novels, is evidently one that is eminently versed in the living and dead languages; Greek and Latin seem as familiar to him as his own tongue. French, Spanish, Italian, German, Gaelic, indeed all the languages of Europe, are not only known to him, but his quotations indicate a perfect acquisition of them; whilst history and science display the lights of a

mind beyond measure comprehensive, and refined from the dross, both of pedantry and prejudice.

These works will certainly be read and admired, when the poetry of Walter Scott will have become obsolete, and his materials forgotten : they possess the advantage over these poems, of describing events of more recent date, of manners more genuine and authentic, and they abound with many minute circumstances of character, (national, religious, and political,) which, by reflecting the image of the times they describe, render them more amusing in some respects, and more instructive in this particular, than the works of the general historian. The author, too, possesses such dramatic power in the creation, support, and contrast of his characters, that had he chosen the real drama for his work, instead of the imitative form of the novel, there seems

every reason to suppose he would only have classed in the rear of Shakspeare.

In reading these fine works, one circumstance bears strongly against the common opinion of their being Walter Scott's ; namely, that all the poetry interspersed in the *text*, is any thing but resembling that great poet's works, being entirely of the plaintive pathetic kind, whereas Mr. Scott's principal feature and excellence is on the descriptive lyrical style.

In making this observation, I do not allude to the introductory quotations at the commencement of each chapter, which are as various as the author's own genius ; but to the poetry of the *work itself*. In fine, whoever the writer may be, no author in that species has excelled him, in exciting interest, in producing effect, or in practising that maxim, of mixing the "utile dulci."

Sketches of Society.

(London Mag. Nov.)

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

MY DEAR RUSSELL,

To Russell Powell, Esq.

THE kind interest which all your family took in the letter which I addressed to your sister, descriptive of the Coronation, has rendered the task of writing to any one of you the most delightful amusement of my evening hours ; and I have now a double pleasure in witnessing the various scenes which make up the great drama of life in this metropolis, from a knowledge of the gratification I shall have in describing them, and the interest you will feel in hearing them described. I love to visit the great national buildings, which commemorate either the country's taste, or the country's charities and wealth ;—I love to behold the revelries, the glories, the pastimes, of the rich and the great ;—I take a deep interest in the amusements, the rude sports, the noisy vivacity of the poor. You know that my knowledge of London had previously arisen principally from the books which I had read, and that my actual experience of life had been gained chiefly from the small life of market

towns and country revels. How often, Russell, have we ejaculated wishes to each other, when standing at a wrestling match, or looking upon the lads of single stick, or, when walking over the most celebrated houses "for miles round,"—that we could see and admire those higher and more exciting struggles and combats of the great city,—those theatres, temples, and palaces, of which we had so often read, even to dreaming—that we could watch and wonder at the workings of that tremendous hive, into which,—rash drone as I am !—I have at length ventured to creep. I am now, my dear Russell, seeing all that can be seen,—insinuating myself into scenes and amongst characters which half of London even know only by hearsay,—wandering amongst the noblest buildings around me,—harvesting, in truth, within the granary of my mind, food enough to last your hungry spirits through the winter. Russell ! strange and opposite have been my researches of late.—

I have been to the green-room of a principal theatre, and witnessed all the craft, hate, and envy, "found only on the stage," as my Lord Byron well expresses it in his sweet nuisance, *Don Juan*;—and I have penetrated into all the heartless eagerness, guileful ferocity, and desperate spirit of the cock-pit. Greenwich Hospital has opened to my eyes its majestic, enormous, and beautiful charities;—and the bear-garden has made me familiar with its strange, antique, and brutal mysteries. I have beheld the costly state and fineries of a court,—the strife, the terrors, the appalling fierceness of a bull-fight,—the pictorial wealth and stately formalities of Hampton palace,—the beautiful and exciting conflict of two great pugilists.—The buildings, the theatres, the court, will have gaiety and beauty enough to interest the ladies' minds; for what female heart is proof against pointed lace, or can contemplate ruffles without emotion?—while the rougher diamonds of the cock-pit, the bear-garden, and such rude mines, will be rich jewels in the cap of your curiosity. I have, indeed, a scene in store which will be brighter and costlier than all the rest; but I dare not hint at it yet, lest I ruin my chance of being taken to it at all, or rashly endanger my safety while there:—rest, rest, perturbed Russell! until I shall in my wisdom see fit to exhibit this brilliant and matchless gem to your wondering, your delighted eyes.

I should not omit to inform you, that Mrs. Mallinson's letter of introduction to the Mortons has been to me most serviceable and successful, for they have taken me by the hand with the utmost friendship and liberality, and have obtained for me the sight of many London lions:—indeed, they appear to me to have access to all the chief *cages* of the city, and the *Hectors* and *Fannys* of this marvellous metropolis are familiar to them as household words. To render my letters the more intelligible to you, as the Mortons will make the principal dramatis personæ of my epistolary drama, I will attempt as clear a description of them as I can accomplish; relying upon your ingenuity for colouring my sketch with the

lively and gallant tints of your own imagination. I shall merely offer you the family in outline, after the style of Retsch's *Faust*, being convinced that none but a masterly hand can safely venture upon a minute finishing. Mr. Morton, the father, is one of those gentle and silent characters, which are rather spirits of the household, than active and common mortal portions of it:—never mingling in the petty strifes and light joys of the moment,—but softening and quieting the former with a bland and pleasant placidity, and heightening the latter by a cheerful and generous regard. His age I should guess to be about fifty-six; you may perceive that Time is beginning to write a few faint lines upon his forehead, and that his eye begins to show that patient wisdom which only comes of the light of many years. His hair (which Mrs. Morton tells me was a raven black "when they were married," and of which she has one precious lock, neatly folded in fragrant paper, and kept in the innermost recess of her pocket-book) is just dashed with a glossy white, which seems to light upon him more like the glory than the waste of age, and brightens, if possible, the serene sweetness of his forehead. He speaks very little, but he looks as if his thoughts ran on with the radiant solemnity of a river. His observations, indeed, when they do come forth, are remarkable only for their simplicity and humane gentleness;—and you feel convinced that they are, as the old play hath it, killed with kindness. His thoughts remain with him, but his feelings come forth and speak, and you may ever perceive that his mind discourses silently and with itself, while his heart is the active and eloquent minister to his tongue. I wish, Russell, you could see him sitting at his table, or at his fireside, and lighting the conversation with his pleasant looks. All customs, all pleasures, all regulations, take their exactness from his presence, and I never saw order wear so attractive a garb as that in which Mr. Morton clothes her. He has the most precise and quiet mode of taking his seat, or reading the newspaper (and quiet as he naturally is, he is yet deep-

ly interested in the political agitations which ever disturb the heart of his country.) or stirring the fire, or putting on his spectacles. He goes to an office somewhere in the city daily, but I do not see that his merchant-life distracts his home comforts, or molests his morning thoughts; whether it be that his peculiar temperament places all commercial fluctuation in a mild and softening atmosphere, or that he meets not with those temporary difficulties and perplexities which call daily at the most obscure and dusty dens of business, and afflict the nerves of the oldest and most staid merchant, I know not; but the rise and fall of stocks—the intricacies of the markets—the uncertainties and dangers of the shipping—the more polished difficulties, and changes, and higher mysteries of the court, abide not with Mr. Morton. He hears the din of the nation, and it stuns him not:—he sees the great game of the world played, and heeds not its rogueries, its ruin, or its fascinations. His heart is in his home, and in his family, and he does not ever look to the winners and the losers elsewhere. Such is Mr. Morton. To me he is unusually loquacious, which is a sure mark of his regarding me kindly;—and the other evening he took particular joy, during our rubber, in always having a king for my queen, and laughed outright in detecting a revoke which I committed; which was the most gratifying sign.—He, in general, pities the objects of his triumphs, and silently pines over his own success, which he ever thinks “runs too much on one side.”

Mrs. Morton is a woman of the most superior mind and admirable manners; and I never hear her mentioned, even by *friends*, without expressions of the most untainted endearment. The silence and worldly inaptitude of her life-partner have called forth the powers of her mind, and given a constant exercise to her fine judgment. She has the most pleasing way of insinuating plain advice that I ever beheld; and I believe it is impossible to disregard the sweet persuasion and delicate earnestness of her voice and expression. She is younger than Mr. Morton by some

years, and has a face still eloquent with beauty. The dark eye,—the happy forehead,—the pale cheek,—the mouth, made ever pleasant by a thousand amiable smiles, seem still to retain the sweeter virtues of youth, and enforce the wisdom of experience by giving it a charm which experience seldom possesses. Mrs. Morton is admirably well read in all the sound authors of our language, and can converse on subjects which seldom come under the consideration of women. She is mistress of the learned enthusiasm, holy poesy, and breathing piety of Bishop Taylor, and can lead you through the quaint periods of Sir Thomas Browne's rich and antique philosophy. Shakspeare and Spenser are familiar to her, in their deepest fancies, and most curious excellences; and she is skilful in her knowledge of the works of the most eminent painters. She enlightens common walks, the idlest evening rambles, with talk, all breathing information, and pleasure, and truth. The distant gloomy landscape reminds her of this or that picture; and she points out the disposition of the lights and shades which frames the resemblance. She never delivers her opinions authoritatively, or with a consciousness of power, but suggests wisdom for the adoption of others;—and often so expresses an ingenious thought, that her husband, by a word or two, seems to originate rather than confirm it. It is her chief desire to make Mr. Morton appear superior to herself, and to that end, her voice and her manner are gentle and subdued in his presence, as though she took all her feelings, thoughts, and wishes, from his heart and mind:—though to those whose observation is acute, it is evident that her knowledge is far more profound than she chuses to lay open. By an ease of manner peculiar to herself she accommodates her mind to that of every person with whom she converses, and never offends an inferior capacity with the least sign of superiority. With all these higher qualifications of mind, she is at heart a very woman, and has all the delicate tenderness, and unfailing love, of her sex. The lock of hair which she preserves with the youthful mystery of a

girl, awakens early pride and young joy within her, and sets her dreaming over Mr. Morton's marriage dress and manly person, and calls up the mode of his hair, and the astounding colour of his coat. "Your uncle was dressed in bright blue, and had ruffles of this breadth (measuring a width upon her sleeve, that never fails to exalt all the female eyebrows in the room,) I think he was certainly the handsomest man of his time!—I wore that dress which you now and then contemplate in my drawer, and I cannot say I think the brides of the present age dress so becomingly as those of my own day." Such womanly reminiscences as these are always said with a mellowed tone of voice, and with a glisten of the eye, which show how much the devoted nature of the sex triumphs over the acquired formalities and tastes of life. Mrs. Morton sits at her table like a queen, in the true dignity of grace, and I am happy to say, Russell, that I stand well at her drawing-rooms and domestic court.

This excellent couple are without children of their own, but they have taken to their bosoms two nieces and a nephew, the daughters and son of Mr. Morton's brother, whom they cherish as their own, and upon whom they lavish all those paternal endearments which, in the want of an object to rest upon, so often irritate and embitter the married life. The eldest of these young ladies is naturally of a good heart, I believe; but she has so many acquired faults, so many lady-artifices and studied prettinesses, that I never know when she is thoroughly interested or earnestly moved. She is a polite adorer of literature and the drama,—and follows the stage more like a religion than a light and occasional amusement.—From certain connexions she has become intimate with some of the performers, and the consequence is, that a morning visit from any tragedian is a sure forerunner of seriousness for the day, a support and a stay to her pensive looks, which she leans upon with a most dignified reserve. Miss Prudence Morton (she was the first of an intended series of the cardinal virtues, which, to her mother's deep disappoint-

ment, was broken in upon by the perverse arrival of two brothers into this breathing world) Miss Prudence Morton, I repeat her name, is a decided Blue, at least as far as youth and its established foibles will permit her to be. She is tall, and has dark earnest eyes, which at evening parties go through and through you in search of literary information. She loves to secure to her own reading the person and the attention of some young gentleman in the sonnet line, and to extract all the sweets from his brain as store for the cells of her own pericranium. She sits *at* him. She so disposes her attitude, that his bodily retreat is rendered impracticable. Her eyes are levelled against him, and she steadily fires down upon his helpless ears the twenty-pounders of her heavy interrogatories.—"Have you seen Campbell's song in the last New Monthly, and is it not charming?"—"O! What is Lord Byron about? Mr. — (naming some literary name) tells me that he is writing a tragedy, I think Marino Faliero, horrid! Mr. — (naming an actor) assures me it would never *get up*! Have you read Don Juan? I have not: but I think it abounds with beautiful passages, though it is a sad wicked book. O! what do you think of —'s prose? Is it not flowery and beautiful? You never know whether it is poetry or prose, which is so vastly delightful."—This is a slight and meagre sketch of the style of Prudence's conversation, which I must, as usual, leave to the powers which you possess of making a miserable description opulent. She has great good-nature, the eternal palliative of all disagreeable qualities, and can at a quiet fireside make herself amusing and intelligent, but a stranger at tea, or an extra wax candle in the sconce, is the never-failing destroyer of all her natural freedom. And she straightway exalts herself into the wary, the wise, the literary Prudence. Some of her sayings are remembered, but considering the plentiful crop of her conversation it is wonderful that a few scanty ears only are preserved. When her form is at its height she, like the lovely Marcia, "towers above her sex," and that con-

siderably, and I shall not easily forget the prodigious step and grasp with which she wheeled me down the stone-staircase of Mr. Morton's house the other day at dinner.

Agnes Morton, younger than either her brother or sister, is one of those sweet little fairy creatures which we seem to recognize as the realization of some dim poetic dream, or favourite beauty of the fancy. Her light blue eyes, softening beneath the shadowy yet even tracery of her eye brows, gleam upon you with a modesty and tenderness almost unearthly:—and the airy figure, ever simply attired, seems framed only to be lighted about by such gently radiant eyes. Her very motion has feeling in it: and her voice is quite Shakspearian, being low and sweet, an excellent thing in woman. Indeed her elf-like shape, melodious tones, and retired looks, seem contrived by nature as contrasts to the gigantic figure, vehement voice, and vampire gaze of Miss Prudence. Agnes, worthy owner of that innocent appellation, hath the sweetest and simplest wisdom in the world: Agnes with her lamb-like heart, and “those dove's eyes,” by gentleness carries all before her. She rules all hearts, as by some fairy spell. Her soft exclamations of attachment, disregard, or wonderment, are potent as acts of parliament, or wills of princes. You must not imagine, Russell, that I am heart-stricken more than becomes a respectful friend, though I fear my description rather borders on the style of the last new novel:—my affections are, as you know, wedded to books and life, and I see no very great probability of my ever deviating into the lover.

Thomas Morton, the nephew, or Tom, as he is more familiarly and affectionately called by his near acquaintance and friends, (and I always think that pleasant monosyllabic appellation is a species of short-hand for kindheartedness,) is the life, delight, and perplexity of the household;—spirited, volatile, effervescing in health, and twenty years of age; he is at once the source of mirth, affection, and disorder. When you enter the house he, like Latimer's peculiar bishop, “is never idle;” either the foil is in his hand,

and he is pinking away at an old portrait of a great great uncle, whose canvass countenance he has already converted into a frightful rival of the nutmeg-grater; or with *muffles* on his knuckles, he is dipping away scientifically at the *day-lights* of a pier glass, or getting considerably the best of a corner-cupboard. One while you shall leave him reading one of Plutarch's lives, or burying his brain in the dark soil of Bishop Andrewes' Divinity; but leave the room for ten minutes, and you will find him on your return trying the latest quadrille with six chairs and a plate warmer; or exercising his legal powers of oratory, and convincing a green baize table of the strength of his talents and his hand, and the inveterate justice of his cause. He has a fine manly person, which, however, he a little distorts by the decisive cut of his coat, and the Corinthian roundness of his collar,—but it is not at all unpleasant to behold his light lithe person disdaining the restraint and imprisonment of dress, and dancing about under the Merino and the buckram with all the loose liberty of a boy at school. His spirits, when excited, run riot, and trample upon fashion in their freedom. Buttons, stay-tape, and button-holes are set at defiance; and the natural man bursts through all his envious clouds, and asserts his untameable glory. Tom is intended for the law, if it shall please his volatile spirits to suffer such intention to run its unshackled course; but there is no vouching for so heedless and unreliable a mind, which at a moment's warning, or even none at all, might waste its sweets behind a grocer's counter, or inspire crossed-legs and a thimble on a raised board under a dim sky-light. He reads poetry to please Prudence; but he occasionally tries her patience by the vehemence and sameness of his quotations. He has an ill knack of wrenching a profound or romantic passage from its original beauty and meaning, and of applying it to some unlucky and ludicrous circumstance, to the utter dismay of his elder and more inspired sister. She looks upon him with her tragic eyes, a look of learned remonstrance; and he receives her re-

buke with a burst of triumphant laughter, which sinks him only deeper in Miss Prudence's displeasure. To Agnes, Tom is all that is respectful, gentle, and sincere, recognizing her unobtrusive manner and exquisite softness of heart with all the generous and sensitive regard of his nature. The affectations and enormities of Prudence sit uneasily upon him; but the pretty manners and engaging looks of Agnes disarm his ridicule and tame his heedlessness. Mrs. Morton is continually annoyed at the follies and bursts of rash gaiety in Tom, but her inimitable discernment into character makes her perceive a virtue under all, which will yet surmount its present impediments. Prudence, with all her temporary afflictions, sets a proper value upon his services at theatres and parties,—Agnes loves him for his marked and unceasing gentleness and affection,—and old Mr. Morton silently delights to see how fine spirited a lad Tom is, and though often worn with his noisy mirth, and suffering in his furniture from Tom's turbulent exercises, still he never fails to take a pride in the boy, and to say "Aye, aye, let him be young—we were all young ourselves, and have all had our troublesome days. I myself, (he will sometimes continue, to the regular astonishment of Agnes) I myself was once dangerous to the glasses, and had my boisterous propensities. Tom is a kind nephew." And Tom is kind. He is kind even to me, Russell, who sometimes venture to sift advice over his fleeting failings. There, I have given you a picture of the Mortons, and it is not "done in little," I think, but manufactured after the style of poor Dr. Primrose's family group,—huge, awkward, and unsatisfactory. Tell me, when you write to me, whether you detect in my poor language Mr. Morton from Mrs. Morton, or Tom from Agnes. I own I pique myself on Prudence.

Many of my days, my dear Russell, are passed, as you will readily conjecture, in the society of this excellent family; and one or other of them generally accompanies me on my excursions in search of the picturesque, as it may

be called, of this mighty city. At evening, we discuss the wonders we have seen, and many and various are the observations we make—each admiring, or severely commenting upon, the events of the day, after his or her own peculiar turn of mind.

We were all sitting one afternoon over our fruit,—sipping it might be a temperate glass of Mr. Morton's *particular*, which leapt into the glass "with all its sun-set glow," ever at the same interval, and ever in the same moderate quantities; our discourse was at its meridian, and we sat basking in the warmth of bright talk, and could have been satisfied to have ever so sunned ourselves. Mrs. Morton was in the full plumage of wisdom,—Miss Prudence had laid aside those two dilating eyes, so wont to expand over a whole company,—Agnes sat with her little white hand in Mr. Morton's, and smoothing with the other the scanty silken hair which scarcely shadowed his forehead. Tom was cutting out an orange into a sick alderman, and finding in his labours their own exceeding great reward; for he could procure no one to eulogize his sculpture in fruitage—all present having often been treated with a sight of the same specimen of the ideal in art. I had the forefinger of my right hand pertinaciously hooked round the stem of my glass. We were all peculiarly happy, alternately talking, alternately listening,—when the perfect blue of the sky, and the intense lustre of the sun, carried our thoughts to the country, and I know not how it was that they travelled to Greenwich. One ignorant question of mine led on to one sweet remembrance of the ladies, and another, another—and my mind became excited in the narration I heard—and curiosity led to uttered desires—and desires grew to projected realizations, till in due course of scheming, we arrived at a determination to visit Greenwich Hospital on the following day. Mrs. Morton would fain have gone that very afternoon, that her *best* half (in her estimation) might partake of the pleasure; but Mr. Morton protested against it, declaring that he had seen the building many years ago,

and that the evening damps were much against the journey home. The visit accordingly was postponed until the morrow; and the evening subsided into a quiet tea, and a patient rubber, in the course of which I led a small diamond that forced Mr. Morton's king of trumps, and crowned my misfortune by omitting to lead through the *honour*, which lost us the game, and which abducted from Mr. Morton a kindly and monitory moaning till I left the house for the night. But on shaking my hand at parting, he told me that he believed we could not have won the game; and he begged I would not think more about it, although indeed any card would have been better than the diamond.

I wish I could begin this paragraph with the explosion of some such eloquent gun as commences the *deep* tragedy in the Critic; and thus convey to you a perfect and an instantaneous idea of the rich "saffron morning," without the usual flourish of sun and clouds, and all the established finery of blue firmament, and "gilding the eastern hemisphere," and singing birds and fresh zephyrs; but I have no way of breaking all this splendour to you, Russell, without having recourse to these popular terms: you will therefore have the kindness to imagine one of the brightest days that ever shone in the first chapter of a novel, and you will approach within thirty degrees of that admirable morning on which it was our fate to visit Greenwich Hospital. Our company fell off rather in the morning. Mr. Morton, as usual, came down to breakfast (I was invited to that meal, and was punctual) in his easy slippers, but otherwise neatly armed in cleanliness for his City duties. He shook my hand, and slightly occurred to our misfortunes the night before by hoping that I had thought no more of the diamond, as it was really not worth caring about. He rejoiced in the fineness of our day, and begged me to admire particularly Sir James Thornhill's paintings at Greenwich Hospital, which he remembered were very blue and very beautiful; and he then wondered whether this Sir James Thornhill was any relation of the Baronet in the Vicar of

Wakefield, for he never lost the impression, made in youth, that this tale was a true one, and that all its characters had lived precisely as Goldsmith has so exquisitely described them. When we were all assembled at the breakfast-table, Prudence broke the ice of an apology, by hinting that she doubted whether the day "would last;" and, indeed, that she took no peculiar delight in seeing a great old building, full of lame uncultivated old men; and that, indeed, she expected Miss — would call with the lines; and, indeed, that she could not altogether think herself well, for she had heard the clock strike *two*, and could not see very clearly with her eyes in the morning, giving them at the same moment a profound roll, as though they were revolving like satellites around her head, to convince us that her sight *was* affected. Mrs. Morton, foreseeing no great advantage from Miss Prudence's society under her then state of mind, very wisely begged her not to think of venturing in so dire a state of health; and Miss Prudence, with a sigh that seemed "to shatter all her bulk, and end her being," consented to give up the pleasure of Mr. Herbert's company, with the same species of reluctance that Richard displayed to receive the crown at the hands of the pertinacious Lord Mayor. Agnes looked pale, and was evidently affected with a head-ache, though she made no complaints; and was anxious to assure us that it would be removed by the ride and the fresh air. Tom would have accompanied us, but he had some other engagement, which I guessed, by his shrewd winks and nods, was not of that order that, in the opinion of ladies, ought to supersede a visit to so noble a building as Greenwich Hospital. He wished he could make one with Herbert, but (squaring with his clenched hands, and scientifically touching at the tea-urn) he had business in hand that must be taken by the forelock. He took an opportunity, while the ladies were gone up to attire, to let me into the secret of "a bull-bait down the Edgeware Road, near the four mile slab," which would be worth whole pailfuls of pensioners, and he was desirous of fleshing a young

ring-tailed and tulip-eared puppy, of which he had the most extravagant expectations; not but that I should be entertained where I was going. In less than a quarter of an hour from the period of this assurance our breakfast party had separated; Mrs. Morton, Agnes, and myself were seated in the carriage, rattling through the stony-hearted streets. Mr. Morton was steadily walking towards his counting-house, with a placid heart, and an umbrella under his arm, (for he never was betrayed by a fine morning into an abatement of this salutary provision against the malice of the clouds.) Miss Prudence had arranged herself over a volume of Wordsworth, and a lace-frill, and sat like Lydia Languish over the Tears of Sensibility, ready for any one that should come: while Tom, with a blue neckerchief, and a white hat, was shaking his way down the Edgeware Road, in the taxed cart of one of the cognoscenti, discussing the breed of *piebald* and *brindled*, and sitting with his two hands round the lugs of his little tulip-eared puppy, which sat up in restless state between his legs.

I shall not detain you, Russell, over the common adventures of the road; you will know that the principal incidents were the paying of turnpikes, a tax which those who prize smooth roads and easy riding seldom think an evil.

How shall I give you an idea of the beauty of the far-famed Hospital of Greenwich, rising with its fair domes and stately walls, by the side of one of the noblest rivers in Europe?—In no way, I fear, save by sending you the “perspective view,” sold by the boatswain in the painted Hall, done in a very masterly manner by some one, if I recollect rightly, connected with the Hospital. The beautiful park rises gradually on the *larboard* side of the building, to speak professionally, and seems to protect it from all rude storms, and tempests; as it, in turn, shields its old glorious inmates from the blasts and billows of the world. There are four divisions, all stately and majestic; and the court yards and kingly statue speak, like an English history, of the reign of George the Second. The very dress of the pensioner appears a sober record

of the fashion of that day, and removes the wearer from the modern manners and look of the foolish mankind of this round-hatted generation. Every old sailor appears coeval with the foundation of the charity, and walks the deck of the building under his three-cornered beaver, more like a formal gentleman out of one of Sir John Thornhill’s pictures, than the living hulk of a man of war, laid up in the blessed harbour of his country. All the arrangements of this admirable charity are so well ordered that the sailor has his life embalmed in comfort, and preserved as much in its original shape and appearance as possible. The watches are set—the food is portioned out—the cooks are of the crew—the lieutenants preside—the bed-rooms are like cabins—the wainscotting is of oak—the very cloth of the dress is blue. It is life in a stone ship,—on an untroubled sea,—with no end to fresh meat and water,—a naval romance! There is no more to do than to take care of their munificent vessel; and I will do them the justice to say, that they are ever washing the decks. You can hardly go over the rooms without finding one man at his Bible—another at a sea voyage—another looking through a telescope at the vessels in the river: they are a silent, contemplative race, made so, it may be, by the eternal and higher noise of the sea, which has unfitted them for the lighter voices of their kind. But from this general character for reserve and retirement let me exempt honest Master Ball, as comely a man as ever wore checked shirt,—as conversational a man as ever piped all hands,—as cheerful a man as ever brake biscuit, or damped a tobacco-tinted tooth with a tumbler of cold grog. He is, if I mistake not, the boatswain of one of the long rooms, and sits there as jolly as though he should never be old; smiling on all comers, and looking over two shining bronzed cheeks with the most easy and winning assurance in the world. Mrs. Morton well remarked, that he looked as if he would give sickness no more quarter than the enemy. His forehead shone insufferably bright, and quite dazzled the eyes of the beholder; and his hands were

crossed over the lower button of his waistcoat, which fastened as convex a little garment as ever bent round a comfortable body. Agnes thought the forehead was like that of Mr. Morton; but we all negatived her opinion, and left her to the solitary possession of it; which, however, woman-like, she tenaciously held. But I know not how it is, I am getting out of order, and am describing a character with which, at present, I have clearly no business.

The terrace that runs along the whole range of the building, between it and the water, is pleasantly situated, but, as it does not much abound with pensioners, it is by no means a striking attraction in my eyes. But in the walk below it, at the edge of the water, narrow, inconvenient, and thronging with watermen, sailors, and other bronzed men,—we all delighted to walk. There do the maimed and weather-ried tenants of the place saunter out their indolent and late holiday of existence. There do they sit for hours, like Crabbe's Peter Ghrimes, but without his crimes, looking upon the flood. There do they lean,—there stand,—there recline,—there sidle about. The passing of a packet,—the slow drifting of a merchantman,—the heavy slumber of a Dutch vessel,—the arrowy course of a wherry,—are all beheld and thought over with an unchangeable profundity and a deathless silence. It appears to me that words are of no use by the water side. The only object that calls up an extraordinary expression of surprise or distaste on the mahogany line of visages along the railing, is the aquatic innovation of a steam-boat;—*that* elevates the bristles of twenty or thirty pair of rugged old eyebrows, and crumples up so many dark brown cheeks till they look like a row of bif-fens.—But not a word passes. The long—rapid—smoking machine goes rattling by, convulsing the river, and agitating the lesser craft: but much as it offends the eyes of the oldest sailors, it is passed and passes in a dignified silence. I was much amused, and nudged my good friends on each side to share in my amusement, by watching one hale old man, with a peculiar and

shrewd cock of his tri-cornered beaver, probing, with his gimlet eye, the rusty hole in the bottom of a worn-out skiff. He stood sideways, peering into it with all the sagacity of the magpie's marrowbone survey—now ogling it on this side—now contemplating it on that,—and appearing to see in it something far deeper than our poor optics could discern. He looked closer and closer, and twined his glossy antiquated fingers upon the small of his back,—and gave his head a more intense twist—till I really thought the hole might not be a mere hole, and that I ought not, as Mr. Puff says, to be “too sure that he was a beef-eater.” Five minutes elapsed, but the inquisition was not over;—indeed, it deepened and deepened, and just as I was satisfied the scrutiny was ripening to a purpose, and that the old man was arriving at his conclusion, he suddenly dispersed all our expectations by loosening his hands, giving the silver buckle of his right leg an easy elevation into the sun, and, whistling off the last notes of some ricketty tune, he left us with an empty stare at ourselves, the building, and the river. And this is, with these charming old men, an incident—a sample of life. Thus do they dwell, thus exist in doing nothing with more industrious exactness than any other kind of idlers in the world.

By the kindness of one of Mr. Morton's friends, who holds some place of trust in the Hospital, we were conducted to the chapel, one of the most beautiful places of worship I ever beheld, but possessing, perhaps, too much of architectural splendour for the sincerity and serenity of devotion. It had not the unobtrusive quiet of the little Oratory of Warwick Castle: but the gothic style is to my feelings always more associated with the sacred earnestness of prayer. A steady, sober pensioner, with a willow wand in his hand, marshalled us up to the extreme end of the interior, and pointing to a huge painting by West, over the communion table, began his daily labour of description. The Preservation of St. Paul from Shipwreck must be a brave subject for an old sailor to enlarge upon;

and accordingly, our guide lifted up his voice and spake. He pointed out the mariner,—the sea,—the vessel; and nothing that I can say will afford you an idea of the deep rugged vigour of his voice. When he came to a word with an R in it,—it rattled in his mouth like a loose sail in a stiff wind; and his laborious expulsion of sound resembled the exertions attendant upon working a boat against a heavy sea. He resolutely adhered to his own mode of pronunciation, which made good havoc with many stout words, that had stood the storms of other tongues;—but so like the monotonous tones of the sea was this his delivery of sound, that I could have closed my eyes and fancied myself sitting near the mainmast, with all the world of ropes and booms creaking and rattling around me. The picture is a clever picture, but it has all the hardness and stiffness peculiar to West. The pulpit is not at all suited to the purity of the chapel. The ceiling is extremely rich. At the entrance there is an inner portico supported on beautiful columns of white marble, which caught the heart of Agnes, and was not displeasing to the severer eyes of her aunt and myself.

The Painted Hall faces the chapel, and is to be sure sufficiently splendid:—the ceiling is, as a very clever little account of Greenwich Hospital remarks, well described by Sir Richard Steele.

Mr. Flamstead looks down, with his ingenious discipline, in a way to awe all sublunary objects. The mixture of gods, rivers, virtues, fame, king, queen, and Tycho Brahe, is sufficiently various to hit the taste of the most dainty admirer of variety. I do not, however, see in this description any account of the first pensioner, the original man of blue, the Adam of Greenwich Hospital, whom death turned out of his waterside Paradise:—I see no mention of him, although the little stunted boatswain pointed him out in the ceiling, and dared us to get to any part of the hall without encountering the eyes of this seamen in the shrouds. I think, however, in spite of this, that he was blind. At the end of the hall are the portraits of George I. and his family,

all little well-wigged princes, and formidable princesses, doubtless very staring likenesses. Sir James Thornhill figures away also himself, in a splendid suit, and enclouded in a wig of inestimable curl.

The sides of the hall have representations of fluted columns, which, as the boatswain says, “you would believe were carved;—they are all as smooth as this wall.” Mrs. Morton engraved a smile upon his copper visage, by examining closely, and very generously still professing a disbelief;—he drew his willow wand across it, winked at me, and re-assured her that it was “nothing but painted.” Lord Nelson’s car stands in one corner, and when it is remembered how great were the remains which it bore, through a grateful weeping people, to its last and eternal cabin, and how glorious was the wood of which it was constructed, it is affecting little to say that it inspires gentle, and proud, and melancholy thoughts.

The kitchen, and the dinner room, with their homely furniture and pease-soup atmosphere, are refreshing to behold, provided you have not allayed the cravings of your appetite; and the cleanliness observable around is the pleasantest provocative of hunger in the world. When we passed through these rooms, the scouring was going on, and there was a thorough sloppiness apparent over every-thing. The bread-room had a delightful wheaten odour, which took my senses mightily. Agnes, as she peeped with her pretty face through the grating at the imprisoned loaves, heaved a sigh as though she pitied the confinement of even a *half-quartern*!—so much like a prison did this huge pantry look, and so ready was her pity for any thing that reminded her of a prison.

We took a survey of the rooms, in which were the little cabins of this happy crew, all as smart and neat as the peaceful hearts and golden leisure of their tenants could make them. Each pensioner appeared to have brought with him the hammock from his favourite vessel; and the clean silence of the long apartments seemed one perpetual sabbath. On entering,—there

sat our good friend Ball, reading near the window, with his comely blue legs crossed placidly over each other, and his bright old eyes twinkling with a roguish joy peculiar to himself. He did not rise up,—neither did he lay aside his volume—Robinson Crusoe, or Philip Quarll it might be,—but he looked archly upon us, and answered our queries with an honest merriment that made me wish myself an old bald-headed sailor of some sixty years of age, sitting in a long room at Greenwich Hospital, and answering three inquisitive visitors without a care as to what queries were put to me. The little cabins, or bed-rooms, are small, and decked after the taste of the proprietors ;—here you shall see a flaming ship,—there a picture of Nelson, done on glass, with desperate blue coats, and alarming yellow breeches, and sold by those foreign pedlars at a price which almost persuades one that they must have stolen the colours, or pilfered the pictures ready framed and glazed.

We were shown into some of the rooms of state, and were hurried from portrait to portrait in cruel haste. In one room we beheld Captain Spearing, the marvellous gentleman that lived seven days in a coal-pit without food, and afterwards married and had nine children, as he by his own ingenious and entertaining narrative avoucheth. The belief among the sailors, however, is, that a Robin Redbreast brought him food, but I do not altogether side with the pensioners in this creed. He looked so well and neat in his light-flaxen wig, though upwards of ninety, as I was told, that I had serious thoughts of trying a coal-pit myself, and could well endure the Robin Redbreast's victuals to survive so well and flourish so merrily.

Age, indeed, in this matchless building, is as verdant and pleasant as youth elsewhere. You see white hairs in every direction—but no white faces. The venerable chaplain, whom I saw, had

a cheerful vivacity, and a sprightly vein of conversation, quite captivating and instructive ; and I am very sincere in wishing, Russell, that you and I could have a cozey dish of tea with him, and a long chat over the early governors and the golden days of Greenwich Hospital.

I have given you, my good friend, a very imperfect and hasty sketch of this great charity ; but I would not tire you with the minute details, which you will read in the agreeable and intelligent little pamphlet, sold at the hospital (a copy of which I now send you.)—We sauntered into the park, and buried ourselves for some hours in the green solitude of that solemn and peaceful retreat. The rich trees, spreading and mingling their ample foliage—the soft verdure of the grass—the deep and silent dells—the lofty and green eminences (commanding a view of the mighty city, and its spacious living river,) all well and wondrously contrasted with the scene we had been witnessing, and disposed our hearts to feel brimmed with peace and grateful joy, and gently to marvel “why there was misery in a world so fair !” I shall never forget Mrs. Morton's voice, musical and eloquent in that blessed place, and Agnes letting her sweet nature breathe itself in unrestrained freedom. We returned to town, and recounted to Mr. Morton, late into the night, the wonders we had seen !

Forgive this letter of fearful length ; not often will I so err ; but the Mortons are described, and you will not have that description to undergo again. Miss Prudence had seen Mr. —, the tragedian, and was profoundly pensive :—Tom was tired to death, and slept in his chair a sort of dog-sleep, learned, I believe, at the strife he had been witnessing.—Farewell.—Love to all the Powells—not forgetting yourself, my dear Russell. Yours faithfully.

EDWARD HERBERT.

THE SEA STORM.

Stanzas suggested by the loss of the Earl Moira Packet, August 9, 1821.—The awful circumstances here alluded to are taken from a narrative by one of the survivors.

IT was not sunshine ; yet the tinted West
Told not of storm and danger, and the foam
Of wind-toss'd billows was not on the sea ;—
The peopled vessel, with her noble vest
Of sail and streamer danced merrily
Upon the Ocean's face, at if it were her home.

She had gay hearts on board. Some that were wed,
The loving and the loved ;—the recent bride,—
The mother and her children,—all were there,
That in our heart of hearts are nourished.
Oh ! all was joyous then,—the very air
Was lov'd and woo'd, that fann'd them thro' the tide.

The greetings all were said from those on shore ;
The blessing on the voyagers' heads was past ;—
Stretch'd is the vessel towards green Erin's land,—
Yet as she parts dear friends, they breathe once more,
Scarcely heard upon the fast receding strand,
The fond adieu ;—how little dream'd the last !

It freshens now,—the wind is on her bow,—
And evening, with its mantle of dark cloud,
Closeth the ship about. Again the wind
With deeper, hoarser warning speaks ;—And now
Starless and black as if with storm combined,
Night hangs o'er all as with a dead man's shroud.

Yet she went on her course, and the brisk gale
Seem'd to the anxious but the wing of speed :
Anticipation saw the Island green
Approach at every blast,—the wind-flapp'd sail
It did not look upon ; and still unseen
Was shoal and danger,—till they came indeed !

And soon they came, and terrible, and wild,
In covetous destruction they rush'd on ;—
The ship is on the rock ! and they that were
Upon her deck but now, when fancy smiled,
Pointing to other days, now hug despair ;
Life's hours for them are gone,—they cannot reckon
one !

It is not as it was ! The veil of fate
Shuts out Hope's light that beam'd so fair before ;
The night's pale crescent could not lend her light,
Nor give one smile to cheer the desolate :
And the rock'd bark, all through that dreary night
Labor'd upon the surge that death and danger bore.

And what a sight did the young Morning bring !
And what a havoc had the dark ness wrought !
The sun glar'd on them in their agony,
Struggling upon the wave,—whilst some did cling
Round other corpses,—dreadful company !
And where the deck was crowded, there was nought !

There's not a moment passes, but the wave,
Greedy for human victims, closes o'er
Some atom of mortality ;—the flood
Each moment opens a wide and greedy grave,
Threatening the tall and gallant ship that stood
Upon its mighty breast, so proud before !

White garments float upon the waters there,
Useless, and horribly, for they suspend
The panting form beneath, 'twixt life and death ;
And in that agony the sea-doom'd fair
Seem'd clasp'd with grave clothes, ere the strug-
gling breath
Had pass'd away, and life had reach'd its end !

That mother, with her children, how she press'd,
And hugg'd her babies to the very last ;
Struggling with death amidst th' oppressive storm ;
Poor thing ! the dead alone was at her breast,
For each lov'd idol,—each dear treasured form
Was cold & petrified ; they could not face the blast !

Yet still she held them, till she stood herself
Like marble statue, breathless ;—whilst her dull
And glazed eye, when life was quite, quite fled,
Seem'd yet to linger on her worldly wealth
That rested on her arm ;—nor yet was vanished
The mother's firmness, though her cup was full.

The husband and the bride,—they perish'd too,
Clinging together, in that awful hour ;
Their flow'ry chain of love is changed now
To colder links ;—yet though the hue
Is not what 'twas before, the once sworn vow
In death supports them with its hallow'd power.

The youth's arm was around her, cradled there,
Her quiet spirit breath'd its latest sigh,
While the eye look'd unspoken gratitude ;—
And ere she touch'd the wave, that maiden fair
Had pass'd from life away !—when thus subdued,
Deep in the surge he drown'd his agony.

Oh ! 'twas a tale of sorrow !—Yet a gleam
Of sunshine came to some in that dark day :
All did not perish ;—lo ! upon the sea,
Struggling their dangerous passage thro' the stream,
Were those who rush'd to succour misery,
And, for their fellow man, dared that dark, perilous
way.

All did not perish* !—for that second Ark,
Like a new Saviour, trod the angry wave,
Which, like death's girdle, clasp'd it all around :
All did not perish in that tempest dark ;—
For like to Noah's dove, that Ark was bound
With branch of life th' undeluged few to save.

The ship has found a grave ! and those that are,
Hear but the bellowing wind ; yet seem to see
Again the struggle, and the desperate press,
Where death with life but now waged horrid war ;
They stand like blight-marks in the wilderness,
The storm-scathed branches of a leafless tree.

They live ! but oh ! for ever on each heart
Shall be impress'd the horrors of that night ;
Pregnant with death and terror, the dark scene
Its awful warning shall for aye impart :
Whilst Gratitude, recalling what hath been,
Adores her rescuing God, and lauds th' Eternal
Might

* The Earl Moira packet left Liverpool for Ireland, Aug. 8, (two days previous to the landing of the King in that country) In attempting to tack, the vessel struck on Burboo Bank. After considerable toil, she was got into deep water, but grounded a second time

Original Voyages.

CHAP. XII.

*Account of the Sandwich Islands—Woahoo
—Customs, &c.*

THE Island of Woahoo is by far the most important of the group of the Sandwich Islands, chiefly on account of its excellent harbors and good water. It is in a high state of cultivation; and abounds with cattle, hogs, sheep, goats, horses, &c. as well as vegetables and fruit of every description. The ships in those seas generally touch at Owhyhee, and get permission from Tameameah, before they can go into the harbour of Woahoo. He sends a confidential man on board to look after the vessel, and keep the natives from stealing; and, previous to entering the harbour of Honorora, they must pay eighty dollars harbour duty, and twelve dollars to John Hairbottle, the pilot. This duty has only lately been laid on, on account of the King's brig Taamano, having to pay for her anchorage at Macao, when sent there with a cargo of sandal wood, in 1816. Tameameah justly observes, that if his ships have to pay on entering a foreign port, it is but reasonable that foreign ships should pay on entering his ports. There are three close harbours on the south side of Woahoo, between Diamond-hill and Barber's Point. On rounding Diamond-hill the village of Wyteetee appears through large groves of cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees; it has a most beautiful appearance, the land all round in the highest state of cultivation, and the hills covered with wood; a beautiful plain extending as far as the eye can reach. A reef of coral runs along the whole course of this shore, within a quarter of a mile of the beach, on which the sea breaks high; inside this reef there is a passage for canoes. Ships frequently anchor in the bay, in from sixteen to twenty

fathoms, over a sand and coral bottom. Several of the King's old vessels are hauled upon shore and sheds built over them. His Majesty formerly resided at this village, but of late years has preferred his native place, Owhyhee. About four miles to the westward of Wyteetee is the village and harbour of Honorora; it is the largest on the island, as the natives collect from all other parts to be near the shipping. The harbour is known by a deep and remarkable valley over the village, through which the N. E. trade wind blows very strong. The island is not more than five leagues across at this part. The best time to get into the harbour is early in the morning, before the wind sets violently in a contrary direction; the chief generally sends a number of large double canoes to tow the ship in, as the entrance of the harbour is not more than a quarter of a mile wide. Small vessels, when about to enter, run close to the east side of the reef, where hundreds of the natives are collected, and, by throwing a rope to them, the ship is pulled up to the anchorage.—Ships can moor close to the shore, so as to have a stage from thence, and be as safe as if they were in the London Docks. A fine round battery on the S. E. flat, or point, mounting about sixty guns, protects the village and harbour. The fort occupies about eight acres of ground; the facing of the wall is stone, about eighteen feet high, and about the same breadth on the top, gradually sloping to make a base of about thirty feet. It is constructed of hard clay and dry grass and sand well cemented together; on the top of this wall are embrasures built of the same materials, without stone; the guns are mounted all round, and are from four to eighteen pounders, the heaviest guns facing the sea. The magazine is

on the Wharf Bank. The vessel soon filled, and the pump was plied, but with no effect. The waves brought the vessel on her broadside. All who were able got on the shrouds, and clung (men, women, and children) till from exhaustion they began to drop, and were overwhelmed. One wave carried off from ten to fifteen at once. The Holyake life-boat saved about thirty, many in a dying state. The number of persons on board is not exactly known; fifty are supposed to be saved, and sixty perished. The captain (who was among the first that perished), and the greater part of the crew, it is said, were intoxicated.

under ground and well secured; and in the middle of the fort stands a flag-staff, on which the island colours are displayed, consisting of a union jack, with a red and blue stripe for each island. Round the flag-staff are the chiefs' houses, and barracks for the soldiers. The strictest discipline is observed; the guard relieved very regularly in the night, and the word "All is well," sung out in English every ten minutes! The Americans supply them with powder and stores, for which they get sandal wood, rope, hogs, vegetables, &c. The village consists of about 300 houses regularly built, those of the chiefs being larger and fenced in. Each family must have three houses, one to sleep in, one for the men to eat in, and one for the women,—the sexes not being allowed to eat together. Cocoa-nut, bread fruit, and castor-oil-nut trees, form delicious shades, between the village and a range of mountains which runs along the island in a N. W. and S. E. direction. The ground is laid out in beautiful square patches, where the taro grows, round which they plant sugar canes and Indian corn. They have also a number of fine fish ponds, in which they keep mullet and a fish they call avaa. On the N. W. side of the harbour is a fresh-water river, where a ship's long boat can go up about two miles and fill the water-casks in the boat. About three miles to westward of Honorora is a second harbour, easier of access and superior to the other in every respect, except the want of a watering place. There are but few farmers' and fishermen's houses hereabouts, and for this reason, it is not frequented; in fact, few ships know any thing of it. About six miles to the westward of this harbour, is Wy Mo-ma, or Pearl Water. This inlet extends about five leagues up the country in a northerly direction; it is about four miles across in the widest part, and at the entrance about half a mile. There is not more than fifteen feet of water on the bar or reef at high water, and inside from six to eighteen fathoms mud and sand. There is an island about two miles in circumference in the middle of this inlet, belonging to Mr. Maning, a Spaniard, who has been

here for many years. It is covered with goats, rabbits, and hogs, belonging to him. At the head of the inlet is a run of very fine fresh water, and provisions are cheap and plentiful. There are many divers employed here, diving for the pearl oysters, which are found in great plenty. We saved them much trouble and labour by presenting the King with an oyster dredge we had on board, with which Tameameah was highly delighted. The reef, or flat, extends from this inlet to Barber's Point which is about eight miles to the westward, and from thence several miles to sea in a S. W. direction. Round Barber's Point to the north is the bay and village of Y-eni; and a little farther to the N. W. stands the village of Y-rooa; on the west end of the island is the village and bay of Wy-mea. There are no harbours on the N. E. side of the island, and only two large villages. As I before observed, the women are not allowed to enter the men's eating-houses, or even to appear on the inside of the fence, on pain of death. Neither men nor women are allowed to eat in the sleeping-houses; the women are prohibited from eating pork, cocoa-nuts, bananas, plantains, and many other things, which are used as offerings to the gods, and it is considered a profanation if a woman should touch any thing so offered. They are not even allowed to touch any thing that goes inside of the men's eating house; they have their own vessels to eat and drink out of; and they must have a separate fire, at which to cook their victuals; the men's fire being called yahee taboo, or prohibited fire, from which they cannot even light their pipes, though both young and old are very fond of smoking tobacco. There are several morais, or churches in the village, and at new moon the priests, chiefs and hikanees enter them with offerings of hogs, plantains, and cocoa-nuts, which they set before the wooden images. The place is fenced in, and have pieces of white flags flying on the fences. They remain in the morai three nights and two days at new moon, beginning at sun set and ending at sun rise, feasting on roast hogs, and praying all the time. On the first

quarter, they remain inside two nights and one day; full moon and last quarter, they remain inside two nights and one day; full moon and last quarter, the same time. While the chiefs and priests are in the morai, the women are prohibited from going on the salt water, either in canoes or boats, on even from touching it; neither are they permitted to come within forty yards of the morai. They pay the greatest respect to their chiefs and priests, and are kept in a superstitious ignorance. Their muckahitee, or annual festival, commences in November; it begins by three of the most expert warriors throwing each a spear at Tameameah, who is obliged to stand without any thing in his hand to fend them off; the first spear he catches, and with it makes the others spears fly several yards above his head. He then breaks a cocoanut; the sea is tabooed, and none of the natives are allowed to go near it. The King enters the church where he remains for some days, and the people decorate their houses with green branches and new mats. They dress in their best garments, and the head god is taken from the principal morai, and sent round the island carried by

the priests. Any persons coming between the god and the sea are immediately stripped of their garments, and the same is done if they do not strip as the god is passing, and lie flat on their faces. This is the season for dancing, boxing, feasting, and all kinds of amusement. When the god arrives from the place whence he first started, the Taboo is taken off. They are generally about thirty days going round, calling at all the villages and plantations, to remind the people that it is time to bring in their taxes, which they do twice a year. This feast ended while I was here on the 24th of December. I have frequently questioned the chiefs about their religion, and their general answer was, that they go to the morais more to feast than pray, which I believe to be really the case. Mr. Cox, or Teymotoo, that I have before mentioned, sets the wooden gods and priests at defiance; he says, that the white men's God is the true and only God. The Sandwich Islanders have entirely abolished human sacrifices; all the time I have been about these islands, I have not known a single instance of sacrificing a human being.

MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

THE following is a recent instance of those charitable offices which the pious Monks of St. Bernard, from a sense of duty, as well as from the locality of their establishment, are in the habit of performing. A poor soldier travelling from Siberia to the place of his nativity in Italy, set out from the village of St. Pierre in the afternoon, in the hope of reaching the monastery before night-fall; but he unfortunately missed his way, and in climbing up a precipice, he laid hold of a fragment of a rock, which separating from the mass, rolled with him to the valley below, which the poor man reached with his clothes torn, and his body sadly bruised and lacerated. Being unable to extricate himself from the snow, and night having come on, he remained in that forlorn situation till morning. The weather was uncommonly mild for the season, or he must have perished. He

spent the whole of the two following days in crawling to a deserted hovel, without having anything to eat. Two of the Monks of St. Bernard, on their way to the village about sun-set, were warned by the barking of their dog, and descried the man at a distance; they hastened to his succour. They found him at the entrance of the hovel, where he lay as if unable to cross the threshold, and apparently in a dying state, from hunger, fatigue, and loss of blood. They raised him on their shoulders, and carried him to the village, a distance of five miles, through the snow. The man was above the middle size, and robust; so that, independently of his helpless condition, it required a considerable portion of strength, as well as management; in the village of St. Pierre, the poor traveller received every attention and assistance that his situation required.

DOMESTIC HABITS OF THE MODERN DUTCH.

Oct. 1, 1821.

A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the *hold of nature* ;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.—
That feed, like cannibals, on fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes.
A land that rides at *anchor*, and is moored,
In which they no not live, but *go aboard*.

BUTLER.

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but the off-scouring of the British sand ;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots, when they heaved the lead ;
Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwrecked cockle and the muscle-shell.—
Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They with mad labour, fished the land to shore ;
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if it had been of *ambergis*.
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what buildings swallows bear away ;
How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Thorough the centre of their *new-catched miles* ;
And to the stake a *struggling country* bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground ;
Building their wat'ry Babel far more high
To catch the waves, than those to scale the sky.
Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
And oft at leap-frog o'er the steeples played ;—
And oft the Tritons, and the Sea-nymphs, saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillau.

MARVELL.

THE Dutch are a formal people, and an attachment to system is conspicuous in all their transactions. This disposition is strikingly exhibited in the affairs of courtship and marriage. Imprudent matches are seldom made in Holland, most of the wealthy or respectable inhabitants of a place always contriving to intermarry with one another ; so that sometimes half the people of a town are linked together in this manner. The youth of both sexes have but few opportunities of making a choice out of their own circle, nor do they seem at all anxious to do so, one young man being in the estimation of the young ladies nearly as good as any other young man, and the gentlemen are not too difficult if a lady's person is at all tolerable, prudence being consulted previous to every other consideration. The chief members of those family circles give dinners to the rest in turns, for which purpose certain days are appointed, called *familie dags*. When a young man wishes to get mar-

ried, and has made his choice, he writes a formal letter to his father and mother respectfully requesting their approbation. The old people send for answer that they must have time to consider and consult together upon a point so important, but that he may expect an answer in three weeks, more or less. Hitherto, it must be observed, the lovers have never met in private, at least so it is understood. The young man having received the approbation of his parents in due form, he again in the same style, requests that his father would be pleased to wait upon the young lady's father to demand his daughter in marriage for his son. Much form and ceremony passes between the two old gentlemen, but the real business is to settle pecuniary affairs in a satisfactory manner ; which generally takes place, as they are always well informed before hand on this subject. A further delay of a few weeks, however, still takes place, before the lady's father gives his final consent. This having with much formality been given, all reserve between the lovers is instantly thrown off, and the next day a large party of their young friends accompany them a few miles out of town, and the afternoon is spent in mirth and jollity. They are now considered as *onder trouwd*, a word nearly of the same meaning as betrothed, but it does not imply that parties are bound to each other, as either is at liberty to withdraw, and the marriage seldom takes place till a year after the period of which we are speaking. An advertisement is now put in the newspaper stating that such and such persons are *onder trouwd*, and another is inserted at their marriage to announce that they are *getrouwd* (married.) As soon as the consent of relations is given, the lover has access to his mistress whenever he pleases, and he sometimes spends whole days in her company in her father's house, nor is the least restraint felt by either, though the whole family, young and old, and even strangers be present. Indeed the stiff formality which was so strictly observed

before, is now exchanged for unbounded freedom, and what we should consider as gross indelicacy. The young couple lavish the most extravagant endearments upon each other, and it must be confessed that the lady is by no means loath in returning the fondness of her lover, frequently entertaining both the sight and hearing of the spectators with the ardent marks of her attachment. We have witnessed all this and a great deal more, again and again, and often in the midst of a large party of both sexes and all ages, yet nobody seemed conscious of either the impropriety or indelicacy of it. This state of things continues about a year, when the marriage takes place, if neither party withdraw, which is seldom the case. The marriage is celebrated by a magistrate, a burgomaster always attending at the town-hall for that purpose; a certificate of their ages, and that they have the full approbation of their parents or guardians, must be produced. The ceremony is very short, but most people are married again by a clergyman, on the same day, though, this is by no means necessary to render the marriage valid. The old custom of throwing the stocking is still kept up even among the rich, and the happy bridegroom is exposed to all the mischiefs that his friends may think proper to teaze him with, such as spoiling the lock of his chamber, or shutting up a cock or hen in the room, which do not fail to awake the young couple sometimes.

The Dutch are remarkably fond of making verses, and they never fail to gratify this propensity on such occasions. We have seen many of these effusions, and though but few of them had any claim to the appellation of poetry, the versification was generally good. The authors always read such tribute of their affection or respect during the wedding feast, addressing themselves with great formality to the new married pair, who always appear highly gratified by them. Sometimes a masquerade takes place, and such of the guests as are capable of personating a character, come forward and make a speech to the happy couple, who on this occasion are placed upon an elevat-

ed seat to receive the addresses. It must be confessed, however, that all this is conducted in a very childish manner; there is a want of dignity and elegance throughout, and this remark may be applied to all the amusements of the Dutch. There is in their mixed society a degree of *trifling* in their conversation, which to persons of a different disposition is often uninteresting, and frequently disagreeable or disgusting.

There are certain times and seasons of which much notice is taken among the Hollanders, such as the first day of the year, and some other festivals. At Christmas, the oldest and richest members of the circles receive the congratulations of their relations and descendants with great formality.

The following advertisement, translated from an Amsterdam newspaper, is a specimen of the manner in which deaths are made public.—“That our enjoyments are fleeting, and that our happiest prospects may be in a moment blasted, I have this day experienced; as it has pleased God to take from me, by death, my worthy and beloved spouse, *Adriana van Bunk van Ommering*, with whom I have not yet been a year united, at the early age of twenty-one years and six months. A child of a few weeks old is thus bereft of a tender mother's care, and I of the comfort of a dearly beloved friend and partner. (Signed)

“CHRISTOFEEL VAN DER VULGT.”

The different classes of society are much more distinctly marked by their dress in Holland than in this country; this is particularly the case with regard to females. In cities and large towns, the female servants never wear gowns nor straw hats; their dress generally consists of a short jacket or bed-gown, and petticoat either of white dimity or some very shewy colour, with a cap very high and much ornamented. They usually wear a black silk apron, which contrasts well with the white dimity. If a servant girl were to be seen with a straw hat or gown, her character would be lost for ever; but their appearance is much more interesting without them, and the extreme neatness of their dress is beyond description. This distinc-

tion of classes extends to different employments and professions; in England bankers and merchants often associate with shop-keepers, shoe-makers and butchers, and sometimes even taylor, when wealthy, are admitted into the company of their betters; this is seldom the case in Holland, as all *winkeliers* (shopkeepers) *kleermakers*, (tailors,) &c. are carefully excluded from the society of *real* gentlemen, such as *banners*, (bankers) *klopliedew* (merchants) and *de geleerde*, (the learned or professional gentlemen.)

The Dutch have an idea that it is a common practice in England for people to sell their wives, and we have often heard ladies express their firm belief that if they were to marry Englishmen they would have a right to sell them whenever they pleased. They also believe that all Englishmen are boxers, appearing to be quite ignorant that the battles, of which they find accounts in the newspapers, are fought by prize-fighters, but are quite persuaded that any respectable person challenges another to fight for money.

MENTAL PASTIMES ;

BEING ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, HISTORICAL, HUMOROUS, AND WITTY ; COLLECTED DURING A RESIDENCE IN RUSSIA, &c.

(English Magazines, for December 1821.)

THIS amusing little volume, we observe from its text in various pages, is the production of an artist, long resident at the Court of St. Petersburg. In his preface he vouches for its being entirely composed of *authentic* original matter, and he has given the public an entertaining olio, agreeable to his title page.

It is highly original, for we do not think that above three of the anecdotes have crept into circulation before; it displays many curious traits of Russian manners; it is generally lively and laughable in its "*Scraps*," (for such is the appellation given by the author to the storied divisions); and it contains a number of useful hints, as well as sensible reflections on various topics in the other of its divisions, which he has called "*Introductions*," and with which he prefaces every fact he has recorded. That the writer of such a work must himself be a bit of a humourist is more than probable; we should have guessed so, even had he not made it clear by the following

" PROLOGUE.

"For me and for my Scraps, it is my aim
A patient reading from good folks to claim.
This kind indulgence granted, on my part
I pledge the tribute of—a grateful heart.

The Author, Sirs, ranks not among the chicks ;

This, his first egg, was hatch'd at *fifty-six*.
If it should prove a dunghill, wring its neck ;

But, if a game one,—let it crow and peck
Quite chanticleer: If foster'd, Gents, by you,
Not this his last loud cock-a-doodle doo.

In Chancery suits, King's Bench, or Common Pleas,

A hearing is obtain'd—first paying fees,
Nor can you be condemn'd (tho' long about,)
Till they have heard your case quite out-and out.

And even culprits firmly may look round,
Object to jurors whom they think unsound,
Bring friends to vouch for character, or try

The old stale trick, a hackney'd *alibi*.
So with the public; tho' I nervous shake,
Yet I'll attempt this useful law to make;
That any Author's volumes, one, two, three,
Shall, by the Critics, not condemned be,
Till they have really read the whole through-out :

If then he's damned,—why, merry be the rout.

Write, Critics, write! indulge your spleen and wit!

Fill every paper but the dreaded *writ*.

If he's a fool,—why, at his folly swear—
Fair play's a jewel—Miss, let go my hair—
I'm overwhelm'd with feeling,—spare my tears,

Let your good-nature dissipate my fears."

Having thus among his other Introductions introduced himself, we will take it for granted, that the readers of the *Literary Gazette*, and the author of

Mental Pastimes, are so well acquainted, that the former will listen with pleasure to half a dozen of the anecdotes of the latter.

"A German of the name of Klotch, a very worthy man, was cook and *maitre d'hotel* to the Empress Catherine. Though old, he was a court beau, and very spruce about the head; and, being a favorite with her imperial majesty, used to hand some particular dishes to her on great occasions. One of the torments in high northern latitudes, where the summer is so short and hot, is the innumerable hosts of flies that tease you. Some wags, aware of this, got the old gentleman's best bag-wig, and powdered it with the finest pulverized double-refined white sugar; so that, when he waited at table, he was beset, like Pharaoh, with the worst of his plagues. He beat with his hands, blew, puffed, reddened in the face, and at last, no longer able to bear silently the torment he endured, burst out suddenly with the exclamation of 'Don-der and blitz vas is das for a fly summer!' Her majesty, aware of the trick, soothed him; and affecting to wonder the flies should exclusively level all their stings at him, advised him to pull off his wig, which he reluctantly was obliged to do, and actually finished his attendance in a full dress suit of embroidered clothes, with his naked shaved head, to the no small amusement of the company present." * *

"I have, in one of the following scraps, said, that the Emperor Paul was not completely master of himself: this trifling occurrence will farther evince it. The late Mr. Frazer, of the King's Road, Chelsea, used, almost every summer, to bring out a large investment of curious plants, flowers, and shrubs, of which the present dowager-empress, Paul's consort, was a great amateur and purchaser. One year, he brought out, on speculation, one of the long slap-bang stage-coaches, to carry sixteen inside; thinking they might be substituted for the very heavy lumbering calashes, then used for transporting the court-servants from the town palaces to those in the country, when they changed their dejour or service. The empe-

ror was apprised of the carriage being at the door, to which were harnessed six horses. He came down to see it; laughed at its appearance; and, seeing me loitering about, asked me, with another or two be selected, to take a ride in it. We were no sooner seated, than, to my utter astonishment, up jumped the autocrat of all the Russias on the coach-box, with the coachman, and away we drove for several versts. When about to return, whether the Tzar of Muscovy thought the carriage ridiculous, his own conduct somewhat so, or was splenetic at having so far committed the imperial dignity, I know not, but he tapped at one of the little windows in the front, where I sat, which, as the reader may suppose, I immediately opened, and on seeing me, he, half laughing, said, '*Savez vous, Mons. W. que si je voulois je pouvois vous cracher, dans la figure.*' 'Do you know, squire W. if I chose, I could spit in your face.' The reply it deserved might have packed me off to Siberia, and, therefore, I pocketed the affront." * * *

"In the reign of this Emperor, his regulations and orders were promulgated with such rapidity, that it could only be equalled by the counter-orders that were often within a few hours issued. It was, indeed, impossible to know how to act, so as to avoid offending, which gave rise to some one wittingly observing, It was all 'order,' 'counter-order,' and 'disorder'."

"A Russian merchant, whose name at this moment I do not recollect, (nor is it important,) was extremely, even immensely, rich, yet lived in a small obscure room, with hardly any fire, furniture, or attendance, though his house was larger than many palaces; burying his money in casks in the cellar; and was so great a miser that he barely allowed himself the common necessities of life. He placed his great security in the possession of a tremendous large and fierce dog, who used to go round his premises barking every night; the dog (as most dogs will do) died one day. His master was inconsolable; but, remaining strict to his principle of economy, would not buy another, and actu-

ally performed the faithful creature's services himself, going his rounds every evening, and barking as well and as loud as he could, in imitation of his deceased friend.

"Note.—Such is occasionally the eccentricity of character, that I am correct in adding, this man either lent or subscribed a million of rubles to assist the empress in the beginning of the Swedish war, or on some other great national emergency." * *

"Introduction.—Wit admits of being related; humour is better seen than described: the following scrap partakes of both:—

"Scrap.—By marriage Admiral Greig was brother-in-law to a Mr. Cook, a ropemaker at Cronstadt, a very worthy, but rather a formal and eccentric character. He had had a few friends to pass the day with him from Petersburg; and for one of them a bed was made up on a sofa, in the same room where he himself slept. The old gentleman had taken a glass or two more than usual, and the conversation, in the course of the evening, had turned on a court-mourning then ordered for the stadtholder of Holland. Cook had been loudly reprobating the idea, that because a great personage chose to slip his cables, and run for the other world, every body should be obliged to put on black. They went to bed; and, a few minutes after, his friend was ready to burst with laughter, to see the little man still sitting up in bed tottering with the extinguisher in his hand, ready to put out the candle, when, on seeing a black beetle running along the floor, he exclaimed in half drunken accents, 'So you! so you! so you little d——d black son of a bitch, so you must go in mourning too for the Dutch king, must ye?'"

Doyen, a French artist at Petersburg, seems to have possessed the ready wit and happy talent (which is never taken by surprise) so essential to promotion at court. The following anecdotes illustrate this:—

"In the reign of the Emperor Paul, when Doyen and myself occupied the same apartment in the Hermitage, and were pursuing our respective operations, one day, when Doyen was employed

on a large circular picture for a ceiling, the subject Cupid and Psyche, his imperial majesty entered the room, surrounded by his family, and followed by a numerous train of courtiers of both sexes. He began rallying the painter on the seeming ease with which he painted; and, laughing, told him any body could do that: upon which Doyen begged his majesty would make the essay, giving him his pallet and brushes. The emperor filled a brush with black paint, and made a long black stroke over the eye, on the face of Psyche, which he was then painting, and asked Doyen, with a smile, whether it was not 'a spirited touch,' and what it meant. The painter agreed the touch was vigorous, and said it was the eye-brow of Psyche. In that case, fair ladies, said the emperor, significantly, and bowing to the company, '*On puit juger du reste,*' one may guess at the rest."

"The emperor one day, puffing and blowing out his cheeks, (as was his custom,) strutted up to Doyen, who was painting a large picture of Cupid and Psyche, and told him he would set to him for the head of Psyche, which was then wanting. The painter, though taken by surprise, was not thrown off his guard; but, making a very low bow, replied, that had he wanted the head of an emperor, he would not have wanted a better model, but for a Psyche he must beg to be excused. The sprightly monarch, patting him on the shoulder, told him he had acquitted himself better than he expected, and had come off like a true courtier, with flying colours."

We now copy more miscellaneous matter:—

"Introduction.—Though the Russians had great reason to rejoice when the reign of the Emperor Paul was over, (indeed it was necessary to the well-doing of the empire,) yet much is to be said in his favour. He was an affectionate husband and father, a generous friend, and a liberal sovereign; often extremely amiable, always polite and witty; and though certainly not a handsome man, yet there was in his looks an air of wholesome health and cheerfulness, that impressed every one much in his favour. I think he could

not control his errors; as there was evidently a slight approach to insanity in the organization of his mind; in fact, he was not master of himself, or, as a Scotchman would say, he had a bee in his bonnet." * * *

"A little, modest, diffident clergyman, who was chaplain at Cronstadt, was dining one day at Mr. R——'s, a merchant at St. Petersburg, whose lady was somewhat fastidious, formal, and ceremonious, in the arrangement, cleanliness, and etiquette of her table. In endeavouring to help some one to fish-sauce, in his fidgetty trembling way, he actually let the butter-boat slip out of his hand, and its contents fell in part on the table. Bad! A part into a lady's wine that sat next to him. Worse!

And the remainder into her plate, and over her rich dress. Horrible! horrible! horrible! It was too much for the patience of any woman. The hostess, frowning and biting her lips, was about to open upon the unfortunate Clericus, for his blundering unhandiness, when he, all embarrassment, and hot from top to toe, stammered out, How lucky it was it had not happened at Mrs. ——, a lady well known in their circle to be much more straight-laced and particular in these things. This well-timed remark smoothed the brow of the lady; dimples and smiles succeeded to angry looks; his wit was admired, and the dreadful hole in his manners darned in a minute."

Extracts from "The Pirate," by the Author of Waverley.

SERENADE.

1.
"Love wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps!
O for Music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme,
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers.

2.
"Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;

While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

3.
"O wake and live,
No dream can give
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that Love is telling."

ADVICE TO MAIDENS.

Menseful maiden ne'er should rise,
Till the first beam tinge the skies;
Silk-fringed eyelids still should close,
Till the sun has kissed the rose;
Maiden's foot we should not view,
Mark'd with tiny print on dew,
Till the opening flowerets spread
Carpet meet for beauty's tread—

SEA-DITTY.

Sung by the Pirate.

"Farewell! Farewell! the voice you hear,
Has left its last soft tone with you,—
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.

"The accents which I scarce could form
Beneath your frown's controuling check,
Must give the word, above the storm,
To cut the mast, and clear the wreck.

"The timid eye I dared not raise,—
The hand that shook when press'd to
thine,
Must point the guns upon the chase,—
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

"To all I love, or hope, or fear,—
Honour, or own, a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell! save memory of you!"

ANCIENT CONJURING RHIME.

"Saint Magnus, control thee, that martyr of treason ;
 Saint Ronan, rebuke thee, with rhyme and with reason ;
 By the mass of Saint Martin, the might of Saint Mary,
 Be thou gone, or thy weird shall be worse if thou tarry !

If of good, go hence and hallow thee,—
 If of ill, let the earth swallow thee,—
 If thou'rt of air, let the grey mist fold thee,—
 If of earth, let the swart mine hold thee,—
 If a Pixie, seek thy ring,—
 If a Nixie, seek thy spring ;—
 If on middle earth thou'st been
 Slave of sorrow, shame, and sin,
 Hast eat the bread of toil and strife,
 And dree'd the lot which men call life,
 Begone to thy stone ! for thy coffin is scant of thee,
 The worm, thy play-fellow, wails for the want of thee ;—
 Hence, houseless ghost ! let the earth hide thee,
 Till Michael shall blow the blast, see that there thou bide thee !—
 Phantom, fly hence ! take the Cross for a token,
 Hence pass till Hallowmass !—my spell is spoken."

THE SYBIL'S SONG.

"Champion, famed for warlike toil,
 Art thou silent, Ribolt Troil ?
 Sand, and dust, and pebbly stones,
 Are leaving bare thy giant bones.
 Who dared touch the wild bear's skin
 Ye slumber'd on, while life was in ?—
 A woman now, or babe, may come
 And cast the covering from thy tomb.
 "Yet be not wrathful, Chief, nor blight
 Mine eyes or ears with sound or sight !
 I come not, with unhallow'd tread,
 To wake the slumbers of the dead,
 Or lay thy giant reliques bare ;
 But what I seek thou well can'st spare.
 Be it to my hand allow'd
 To shear a merk's weight from thy shroud ;
 Yet leave thee sheeted lead enough
 To shield thy bones from weather rough.
 "See, I draw my magic knife—
 Never while thou wert in life
 Laid'st thou still for sloth or fear,

When point and edge were glittering near ;
 See, the carments now I sever—
 Waken now, or sleep for ever !
 Thou wilt not wake—the deed is done,—
 The prize I sought is fairly won.

"Thanks, Ribolt, thanks,—for this the sea
 Shall smooth its ruffled crest for thee,—
 And while afar its billows foam,
 Subside to peace near Ribolt's tomb.
 Thanks, Ribolt, thanks—for this the might
 Of wild winds raging at their height,
 When to thy place of slumber nigh,
 Shall soften to a lullaby.

"She, the dame of doubt and dread,
 Norna of the Fitful-head,
 Mighty in her own despite—
 Miserable in her might ;
 In despair and frenzy great,—
 In her greatness desolate ;
 Wisest, wickedest who lives,
 Well can keep the word she gives."

NORWEGIAN FISHING SONG.

"Farewell, merry maidens, to dance, song, and laugh,
 For the brave lads of Westra are bound to the Haaf ;
 And we must have labour, and hunger, and pain,
 Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness again.

"For now, in our trim boats of Noroway deal,
 We must dance on the waves, with the porpuess and seal.
 The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high,
 And the gull be our songstress whene'er she flits by.

"Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like thee,
 By bank, shoal, and quicksand, the swarms of the sea ;
 And when twenty-score fishes are straining my line,
 Sing louder, brave bird, for their spoils shall be thine.

"We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing when we haul,
 For the deeps of the Haaf have enough for us all :
 There is torsk for the gentle, and skate for the carle,
 And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son of the earl.

"Huzza ! my brave comrades, give way for the Haaf,
 We shall sooner come back to the dance and the laugh ;
 For life without mirth is a lamp without oil ;
 Then mirth and long life to the bold Magnus Troil !"

SCENES IN CANADA.*

A Selection from the contents of this work will exemplify its qualities. On Lake Ontario the author says,—

“The most remarkable phenomenon which this and the other lakes exhibit, is that increase and rise of their waters which is said to take place at regular periods. It occurs, in a moderate degree, every seven years, and to a very great extent once in thirty or forty. In the year 1816, the waters of Lake Ontario were seven feet and a half perpendicular above their average height, and Lake Erie was affected in a similar way. I have visited the shores of Lake Ontario several times, accompanied by a person who resides upon them, whose intelligence and indisputable veracity made me put full confidence in the information he gave, and from whom I received proofs of the accuracy of what I have now stated. I likewise saw the remains of a large storehouse which had been built a few years before, in a situation that seemed quite inaccessible to the lake, although the waters have surrounded and nearly demolished it.

“This singular phenomenon affords a problem very difficult to solve. The quantity of water that must be required to increase the depth of Lake Ontario, and all the other lakes, seven and a half feet perpendicular, is so vast, that it is impossible to conceive where its source can lie.—The height of the waters of the lakes, indeed, varies a few inches almost daily; but this is occasioned by changes in the direction of the wind. When it is east or north-east, the waters are driven back, or at least impeded in their course, and consequently an accumulation takes place, which makes the lakes rise; but if it blows from the south or south-west, the direction in which they flow, their waters are hurried towards the St. Lawrence, and, of course, decrease in height in proportion to the strength of the wind.

“Sir Alexander Mackenzie, during his voyage to the north-west, observed

that the waters of the rivers and lakes which he navigated underwent considerable variation in their height, the increase and decrease sometimes amounting to two or three feet; which proves that this phenomenon is not confined to the lower lakes. If this augmentation of the waters took place only at irregular periods, we might suppose that it proceeded from the occasional melting of those immense quantities of ice and snow which are accumulated in the northern regions; but even this would scarcely be adequate to produce the effect which cannot at present be rationally accounted for.”

Near Lake Erie we have a natural exhibition of another sort:—

“Here, (says Mr. H.) for the first time, I was gratified with an opportunity of listening to a frog concert, as I passed a mill-pond which swarmed with bull-frogs. The noise which these animals make is so disproportioned to their size, that it startles the ear not a little. At first, several of them utter their notes at intervals, like the performers in an orchestra tuning their instruments; then they all join, as if by one impulse, in a chorus, deep, loud, and discordant, beyond any sound I ever heard produced by animals.”

The following, however, relates to a more remarkable animal phenomenon, which we do not remember to have seen so explicitly noticed before.

“Being fatigued with riding,” our author begins, “I dismounted, and seated myself at the foot of a large tree that overhung a small stream, in which little trout sported incessantly. Every breeze was loaded with vegetable fragrance; but at intervals I felt a most intoxicating perfume, the source of which I was for some time unable to discover. At last I saw two small snakes creep from under a decayed tree that lay near me, and found, from the momentary increase of the odour, and its diminution as they retired, that it

* Sketches of Upper Canada, domestic, local, and characteristic, &c. &c. By John Howison. Edinburgh, Nov. 1821.

proceeded from them. These animals (as I was afterwards informed,) while basking in the sun, emit a delightful fragrance; but they are destitute of this peculiarity when dead. I followed the snakes for a little way, and for the first time learned that such animals had the power of *fascinating* men. Whenever I advanced within a certain distance of them, they turned round and coiled up,

"—— and heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide."

He proceeds to state instances of the *fascinations* of these creatures, (attributable to *fear*, as he thinks,) and certainly goes farther than we can well credit on hearsay testimony.

"Upper Canada is not infested with any snakes of a dangerous kind, except the rattlesnake, which, however, is very rare in the cultivated parts of the country. Garter snakes and black snakes are to be met with every where, but they seem quite harmless.

"In Upper Canada, it is almost universally believed, that snakes possess that power of *fascination* which has so often been denied to them by naturalists. Many people have had the fact demonstrated to them by being witnesses of it, and this was the case with me. One summer day, when strolling through the woods, I came to the edge of a small pond of water, on the surface of which floated a frog in a state of motionless repose, as if basking in the sun. I carelessly touched his back with a stick, but contrary to my expectation, he did not move; and, on viewing him more closely, I perceived that he gasped in a convulsive manner, and was affected with a tremor in his hind legs. I soon discovered a black snake coiled up, lying near the edge of the pond, and holding the frog in thralldom by the magic of his eyes. Whenever he moved his head from one side to the other, his destined victim followed it, as if under the influence of magnetic attraction; sometimes, however, recoiling feebly, but soon springing forward again, as if he felt

"A strong desire with loathing mixed."
The snake lay with his mouth half open, and never for a moment allowed

his eyes to wander from his prey, otherwise the charm would have been instantaneously dissolved. But I determined to effect this, and accordingly threw a large chip of wood into the pond. It fell between the two animals—the snake started back, while the frog darted under water, and concealed itself among the mud.

"It is asserted by some that snakes occasionally exert their powers of *fascination* upon human beings, and I see no reason to doubt the truth of this. An old Dutch woman, who lives at the Twelve Mile Creek in the Niagara district, sometimes gives a minute account of the manner in which she was *charmed* by a serpent; and a farmer told me that a similar circumstance once occurred to his daughter. It was on a warm summer day, that she was sent to spread wet clothes upon some shrubbery near the house. Her mother conceived that she remained longer than was necessary, and seeing her standing unoccupied at some distance, she called to her several times, but no answer was returned. On approaching, she found her daughter pale, motionless, and fixed in an erect posture. The sweat rolled down her brow, and her hands were clenched convulsively. A large rattlesnake lay on a log opposite the girl, waving his head from side to side, and kept his eyes stedfastly fastened upon her. The mother instantly struck him with a stick, and the moment he made off, the girl recovered herself and burst into tears, but was for some time so weak and agitated, that she could not walk home."

Without looking for connexion, we will now copy a pathetic Indian story from the shores of Lake Erie:—

"An Indian woman, and her child, who was about seven years old, were travelling along the beach to a camp a few miles distant. The boy observed some wild grapes growing upon the top of the bank, and expressed such a strong desire to obtain them, that his mother, seeing a ravine at a little distance, by which she thought she could gain the edge of the precipice, resolved to gratify him. Having desired him to remain where he was, she ascended the steep, and was allured much farther into the

woods than she at first intended. In the mean time, the wind began to blow vehemently, but the boy wandered carelessly along the beach, seeking for shells, till the rapid rise of the Lake rendered it impossible for him to return to the spot where he had been left by his mother. He immediately began to cry aloud, and she, being on her return, heard him, but instead of descending the ravine, hastened to the edge of the precipice, from the bottom of which the noise seemed to proceed. On looking down, she beheld her son struggling with the waves, and vainly endeavoring to climb up the bank, which was fifty feet perpendicular height, and very slippery. There being no possibility of rendering him assistance, she was on the point of throwing herself down the steep, when she saw him catch hold of a tree that had fallen into the Lake, and mount one of its projecting branches. He sat astride upon this, almost beyond the reach of the surges, while she continued watching him in an agony of grief, hesitating whether she should endeavour to find her way to the camp, and procure assistance, or remain near her boy. However, evening was now about to close, and as she could not proceed through the woods in the dark, she resolved at least to wait till the moon rose. She sat on the top of the precipice a whole hour, and during that time, occasionally ascertained that her son was alive, by hearing his cries amidst the roaring of the waves; but when the moon appeared, he was not to be seen. She now felt convinced that he was drowned, and, giving way to utter despair, threw herself on the turf. Presently she heard a feeble voice cry, (in Indian,) "Mamma, I'm here, come and help me." She started up and saw her boy scrambling upon the edge of the bank—she sprang forward to catch his hand, but the ground by which he held giving way, he was precipitated into the Lake, and perished among the rushing billows!"

The burning of a forest is a sublime spectacle, and affords Mr H. an occasion for displaying his pictorial powers:—

"The land around was covered with pine trees, and three months drought

had rendered these so dry and combustible, that hundreds of them took fire, in consequence of a few sparks, blown from an oven, having kindled the brushwood beneath them. Immense volumes of black smoke rolled from different parts of the forest, and, when the wind divided these, the flames were seen raging on every side, and ascending to the tops of the tallest trees; while the roaring, crackling, and crashing, were incessant, under the cloudy obscurity. Large burning splinters of timber, that must have been detached from trees by the expansive power of steam, were sometimes projected high into the air like rockets, and descended again, leaving a showery train of glowing sparks behind them. The wind was hot and suffocating as the vapours from a furnace, and the vast glare of the conflagration overspread the heavens with a copper colour most dismal and appalling. The inhabitants around hurried about in the utmost alarm, momentarily expecting that the flames would communicate to their barns and fences; and the tumult was increased by the bellowing of a number of cattle, which had rushed in a state of terror from the woods, where they had been feeding.

"About midnight, the conflagration, which had commenced the preceding day, had in a great measure ceased. Many of the largest trees were charred from top to bottom, and, being now in a state of glowing redness, they stood like dazzling pillars of fire in various parts of the forest. The upper boughs of others were still enveloped in flames, and resembled meteors as they waved in the wind, the trunks from which they projected being concealed by the darkness. In the morning, I walked out to view the scene of devastation, which presented an aspect truly horrible. Many hundred acres of land were divested of the verdure that had lately covered them. The branchless trees stood in dreary blackness, and the wind scarcely sounded as it swept among them. Not a single bird animated the prospect, and the desolate shriek of the racoon, deprived of its den, alone proved that the tenants of the forest were not entirely extirpated."

Original Letters.

CORRESPONDENCE OF DAVID HUME, THE HISTORIAN.

Dear Sir,

No. IX.

London. 1759.

I AM very well acquainted with Bourke, who was much taken with your Book. He got your direction from me, with a view of writing to you, and thanking you for your present: For I made it pass in your name.

I am told that you are preparing a new Edition, and propose to make some additions and alterations in order to obviate objections. I shall use the freedom to propose one, which, if it appears to be of any weight, you may have in your Eye. I wish you had more particularly and fully prov'd that all kinds of Sympathy are necessarily agreeable. This is the hinge of your system, and yet you only mention the matter cursorily in p. 20.—Now it wou'd appear that there is a disagreeable sympathy, as well as an agreeable. And, indeed, as the sympathetic passion is a reflex image of the principal, it must partake of it's qualities, and be painful where that is so. Indeed, *when we converse with a man with whom we can entirely sympathise*, that is, where there is a warm and intimate friendship, the cordial openness of such a commerce overpowers the pain of a disagreeable sympathy, and renders the whole movement agreeable. But in ordinary cases, this cannot have a place. An ill humour'd fellow; a man tir'd and disgusted with every thing, always *ennuie*; sickly, complaining, embarrassed; such a one throws an evident damp on company, which I suppose wou'd be accounted for by sympathy, and yet is disagreeable.

It is always thought a difficult problem to account for the pleasure, received from the Tears and grief and sympathy of Tragedy; which would not be the Case, if all sympathy was agreeable. An Hospital would be a more entertaining place than a Ball. I am afraid that in p. 99. and 111, this proposition has escap'd you, or rather is interwove with your reasonings in that place. You say expressly, *it is painful to go along with Grief, and we always enter into it with reluctance*. It will probably be requisite

for you to modify or explain this sentiment, and reconcile it with your system.

My Dear Mr. Smith; You must not be so much engross'd with your own Book, as never to mention mine. The Whigs, I am told, are anew in a rage against me; tho' they know not how to vent themselves; For they are constrain'd to allow all my facts. You have probably seen Hurd's abuse of me. He is of the Warburtonian school; and consequently very insolent and very scurrilous; but I shall never reply a word to him. If my past Writings do not sufficiently prove me to be no Jacobite, ten Volumes of folio never would.

I signed yesterday an Agreement with Mr. Millar; where I mention that I propos'd to write the History of England from the Beginning 'till the Accession of Henry the VII; and he engages to give me 1400 pounds for the Copy. This is the first previous Agreement ever I made with a Bookseller. I shall execute the Work at leisure, without fatiguing myself by such ardent application as I have hitherto employ'd. It is chiefly as a resource against Idleness, that I shall undertake this Work; For as to money, I have enough: and as to reputation, what I have wrote already will be sufficient, if it be good: If not, it is not likely I shall now write better. I found it impracticable (at least fancy'd so) to write the History since the Revolution. I am in doubt whether I shall stay here and execute the work; or return to Scotland, and only come up here to consult the Manuscripts. I have several inducements on both sides. Scotland suits my fortune best, and is the seat of my principal friendship; but it is too narrow a place for me; and it mortifies me, that I sometimes hurt my friends. Pray write me your judgement soon. Are the Bigots much in arms on Account of this last Volume? Robertson's Book has great merit; but it was visible that he profited here by the Animosity against me. I suppose the Case was the same with you. I am, Dear Smith, Yours sincerely.

DAVID HUME.

No. X.

Dear Smith,—I can write as seldom and as short as you.—I am sorry I did not see you before I left Paris, I am also sorry I shall not see you there soon. I shall not be able to fix Rousseau to his mind for some Weeks yet: He is a little variable and fanciful, tho' very agreeable. Lord Hertford is to be over some time in April. I must then wait for him; and afterwards must be dispos'd of for some time by his Commands. I recommended my servant St. Jean to you; If he be with you or the Duke, I am sure you will like him and keep him on; and you need say nothing of this to him. Some push me to continue my History. Mil- lar offers me any price: All the Marlborough papers are offered me: And I believe nobody wou'd venture to refuse me: But *cui bono?*—Why should I forego Idleness and Sauntering and Society; and expose myself again to the clamours of a stupid and factious public? I am not yet tir'd of doing nothing; and am become too wise either to mind censure or Applause. By and bye I shall be too old to undergo such labour. Adieu.

(Sd.) DAVID HUME.

(Addressed) A Monsieur—Monsieur Adam Smith
chez Monsr. Foley, Banquier a Paris.

No. XI.

Paris, 5 Novr. 1765.

Dear Smith,—I have been whirl'd about lately in a strange manner; but besides that none of the Revolutions have ever threatened me much, or been able to give me a moment's anxiety, all has ended very happily and to my wish. In June last, I got my patent for Secretary to the Embassy, which plac'd me in as agreeable a situation as possible, and one likely to last with £1200 a year. A few Weeks after, Lord Hertford got a letter from which he learn'd, that he must go over Lord Lieutenant to Ireland: he told me that he was averse to this employment for many good reasons, and wou'd not accept of it, unless gratify'd in some demands, particularly in appointing me Secretary for that kingdom, in conjunct Commission with his son, Lord Beauchamp. This is an office of great dignity as the Secretary is in a manner

Prime Minister of that kingdom; it has 2000 a year Salary, and always entitles the person afterwards to some considerable Employment, whatever may be the fate of the Lord Lieutenant. Notwithstanding these advantages, I was very averse to the office, as it oblig'd me to enter on a new scene at my years, and a scene for which I apprehended I was not well qualified. I said so to Lord Hertford; but he still persisted in his resolution. A few Weeks after, when he went over to London, he found the rage against the Scots so high, that he was oblig'd to depart from his resolution: Perhaps, the zeal against Deists enter'd for a Share. On the whole, he appointed his Son, sole Secretary; but he told me that he had obtain'd the King's promise to provide me in something that shou'd not be precarious. Ten days after he wrote me that he had procured me a pension of 400 a year for life. Nothing cou'd be more to my mind. I have now opulence and liberty: The last formerly rendered me content: Both together must do so, as far as increase of Years must permit. * * *

As a new vexation to temper my good fortune, I am much in perplexity about fixing the place of my future abode for life. Paris is the most agreeable town in Europe, and suits me best; but it is a foreign Country. London is the Capital of my own Country: but it never pleas'd me much. Letters are there held in no honour: Scotsmen are hated: Superstition and Ignorance gain ground daily. Edinburgh has many objections and many Allurements. My present mind, this forenoon, the fifth of September, is to return to France. I am much press'd here to accept of offers, which would contribute to my agreeable living, but might encroach on my Independence, by making me enter into engagements with Princes and great Lords and Ladies. Pray give me your judgement.

I regret much I shall not see you. I have been looking for you every day these three months. Your satisfaction in your pupil gives me equal satisfaction. Yours most sincerely,

(Sd.) DAVID HUME.

London Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—LITERARY NEWS—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.

THE TERNICK OF ANTWERP.

At Antwerp there is an alms-house for poor girls, which is called the Ternick, from the name of the founder, a pious canon of Antwerp, who had the satisfaction of governing the institution he had founded for thirty-eight years. In his daily visits, he successively discovered what improvements and reformation it required. Among other regulations, there is one which, at first view, appears very singular, but which is not on that account less reasonable. He thought that children employed all the day in sedentary work, would need some exercise before they went to bed. He therefore directed, that after supper they should dance for half an hour; and, as he wished to prevent all appearance of a ball, he prescribed that they should not dance to the sound of a violin, or any other instrument of that kind, but to that of a flute of many barrels, commonly called a copper whistle. The mistresses, who themselves have been educated in the house, and are well acquainted with its customs, either play the flute, or dance with the young girls: the house is well directed, and contentment and health reign through it.

IMPORTANCE OF DOING QUICKLY.

The benevolent Dr. Wilson once discovered a clergyman at Bath, who he was informed was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting he would deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend replied, "I will wait upon him early in the morning." "You will oblige me by calling directly. Think, sir, of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

PLYMOUTH BREAKWATER.

The serious inconveniences attached both to Falmouth and Torbay as affording no secure anchorage for large fleets, have long shown the necessity of converting Plymouth into a safe harbour, and government having at length resolved that something should be done, to accomplish so desirable an object, various plans were proposed and discussed; the result of which has been the proposal of Mr. Whidby, who accompanied Captain Vancouver in his voyage round the world, to construct the great work which is now so far advanced to its conclusion, and has already fully justified the expectations formed of its utility, by the safety which very many vessels have already derived from it. According to the plan, as originally laid down by Mr. Whidby and Mr. Rennie, the length of the work was to be 1,700 yards, or nearly a mile, extending across the middle of the Sound, from east to west, and leaving an entrance at each end; the centre part to be 1,000 yards in a straight line, and 350 yards at each end to bend towards the north, at an angle of

104° with the centre part. The breadth of the bottom not to be less than about 250 feet, where the water was 30 feet deep, and 10 yards towards the summit at the height of 10 feet above low water or 40 feet from the bottom. The work to be commenced at the centre. This plan has been strictly adhered to; except that the dimensions are rather greater than those stated. At this time, the foundation of the whole fabric is laid to the extent of nearly a mile; the width at the base is 400 feet, and gradually diminishes to 48 feet, a little above high-water-mark; having a smooth walk or pathway, full six feet wide from end to end. This causeway, is composed of very large blocks of stone, many of them upwards of 10 tons weight each, and towards the middle of the Breakwater, a small jetty is carried out on both sides for the purpose of enabling boats to land in any weather.

About 1,000 yards are thus completed, and two million tons of stone have been already used. The stones now employed weigh upon an average from 5 to 10 tons; none of smaller dimensions being applicable. This stone is Devonshire marble, very hard and compact, with spots or small veins of black, white, and red, susceptible of a fine polish, and well adapted for chimney-pieces, and other ornamental works. The quarry is situated up Catwater, near the mouth of the Plym. The rock, at the water's edge, is 25 feet high, and it rises to about 75 feet on the highest part; for which government gave ten thousand pounds to the Duke of Bedford for an extent of 20 to 25 acres, of which 8 acres have been cut away and thus employed. The various contrivances for obtaining those enormous masses by blowing up the rock, for conveying them to the waterside, and on board the vessel which carries them to the Breakwater, as well as for placing them in their proper position, reflect the highest credit on the skill of the engineers, and give the attentive observer a striking example of the wonders that may be effected by the aid of machinery. Besides the construction of the Breakwater, it has also been deemed advisable to remove several rocks at the bottom of the sea, which might injure vessels that happened to anchor over them at high water. But, many of these being 36 feet below the surface, it has been necessary to employ the diving-bell. That now employed is 6 feet long, 5 wide, and 7 high; composed of strong wrought iron, with shelves inside for the workmen's tools, &c. Two men generally go down together, the machine being lowered over the rock intended to be levelled. They use hammers and picks to break the rock, and put the fragments into canvas bags. The men remain two hours below water, when they are relieved by two others. They receive two shillings daily wages, and

eighteen-pence for every turn that they are below water. Some of the rocks at the bottom of the Sound have thus been lowered 9 feet, and made level with the surrounding ground.

Another work of great utility in progress in the neighbourhood of Plymouth is a jetty or pier constructing in Bovesand Bay, for the purpose of watering ships of war without taking out their casks. The ships are to be brought alongside the pier, and to receive their water by means of pipes from a fine spring; the casks having been sent on board empty are filled by means of a hose; which arrangement will save much time, trouble, and expense; as in time of war, when a fleet came for fresh water and no time was to be lost, the expense of getting it on board in the usual way has, on many occasions amounted to one guinea per gallon.

ECONOMICAL CHARITY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Let not any individual say, "I am of no use in the world! I have no power to do any good!" for, as one of our poets says,

"Circles are praised, not that abound
In greatness; but th' exactly round:
Such praise they merit, who excel
Not in high state, but doing well."

At Hoffwyl, in Switzerland, lives a poor woman, who has devoted herself to the education and support of destitute orphan children depending on the charity of the compassionate, which is her only resource. She maintains eight; five boys, and three girls. The whole cost of her establishment, including herself, is less than *thirty francs* (say five and twenty shillings) per month; of which her lodgings costs *four francs*. The expense therefore for each individual, is scarcely three halfpence per day; yet the children are in good health, remarkably lively, fresh-coloured, and well-behaved. They are comfortably clad, and very obedient. She makes the elder teach the younger; and, no doubt, she makes them serve themselves and the younger also; which of necessity imposes a habit of diligence. The name of this exemplary personage is the widow Rumph; she is seventy years of age; she has been the mother of fifteen children, and has been the foster-mother to thirty-two others.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA.

A young woman of German extraction, waited for the Emperor Alexander on the stair-case by which he was accustomed to go down to the Parade. When the emperor appeared, she said, "Please your Majesty, I have something to say to you." "What is it?" demanded the monarch, and remained standing with all his attendants. "I wish to be married, but I have no fortune; if you would but graciously give me a dowry"—"Ah, my girl," replied the emperor, "were I to give dowries to all the young women in Petersburg, where do you think I should find the money?" The

girl, however, by his order, received a present of fifty roubles.

On another occasion, at the very moment when the emperor had given the word of command, and the guard on the parade was just on the point of paying him the usual military honours, a fellow approached him in ragged garments, with his hair in disorder, and a look of wildness, and gave him a slap on the shoulder. The monarch, who was standing at the time with his face to the military front, turned round instantly, and beholding the wretched object before him, started back at the sight; and then enquired with a look of astonishment what he wanted? "I have something to say to you, Alexander Paulowitz," said the stranger, in the Russian language. "Say on then," said the emperor, with a smile of encouragement, clapping him on the shoulder. A long solemn pause followed; the military guard stood still; and none ventured, either by word or motion, to disturb the emperor in this singular interview. The Grand Duke Constantine alone, whose attention had been excited by this unusual stoppage, advanced somewhat nearer to his brother. The stranger then related, that he had been a captain in the Russian service, and had been present at the campaigns both in Italy and Switzerland; but that he had been persecuted by his commanding officer, and so misrepresented to Suwarrow, that the latter had turned him out of the army. Without money and without friends, in a foreign country, he had afterwards served as a private soldier in the Russian army; and being severely wounded at Zurich, (and here he pulled his rags asunder, and shewed several gun-shot wounds) he had closed his campaign in a French prison. He had now begged all the way to Petersburg, to apply to the emperor himself for justice, and to entreat an enquiry into the reason why he had been degraded from his rank in the army. The emperor listened with great patience, and then asked, in a significant tone, "If there was no exaggeration in the story he had told?" "Let me die under the knout," said the officer, "If I shall be found to have uttered one word of falsehood." The emperor then beckoned to his brother, and charged him to conduct the stranger to the palace, while he turned round to the expecting crowd. The commanding officer who had behaved so harshly, though of a good family, and a prince in rank, was very severely reprimanded; while the brave warrior whom he had unjustly persecuted was reinstated in his former post; and besides, had a considerable present from the emperor.

LITERARY.

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, has announced a Romance in 3 vols. to be called "The Three Perils of Man; or, War, Woman, and Witchcraft"

Novels are forthcoming from the pens of Mrs. Opie and the Author of Calthorpe; and Barry Cornwall's new Poem of The Deluge.